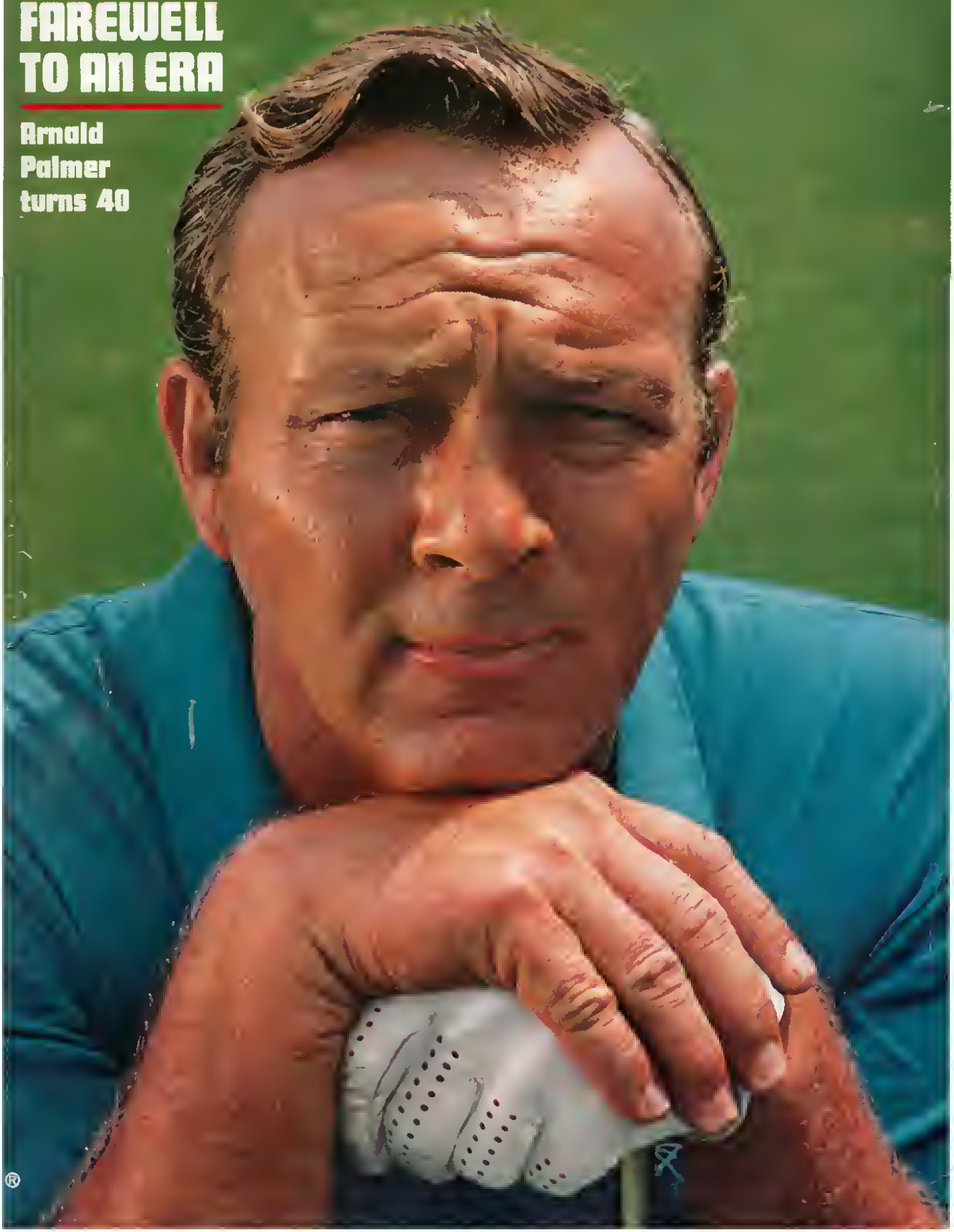
Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 1, 1969 50 CENTS

# FAREWELL TO AN ERA

Arnold Palmer turns 40



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly except [illegible] issue at year end by Time Inc 540 N Michigan Ave Chicago Ill 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center New York N Y 10020 James A Linen President, Richard B McKeough, Treasurer John F Harvey Secretary Second-class postage paid at Chicago Ill and at additional mailing offices Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department Ottawa Canada and for payment of postage in cash Subscription price in the United States Canada Puerto Rico and the Caribbean islands $10 00 a year, military personnel anywhere in the world $7 00 a year, all others $14 00 a year

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## Next week

***THE ORIOLES*** are a happy team, which is to be expected of a club that is 15 games ahead in August But William Leggett questions whether they are ahead *because* they are happy

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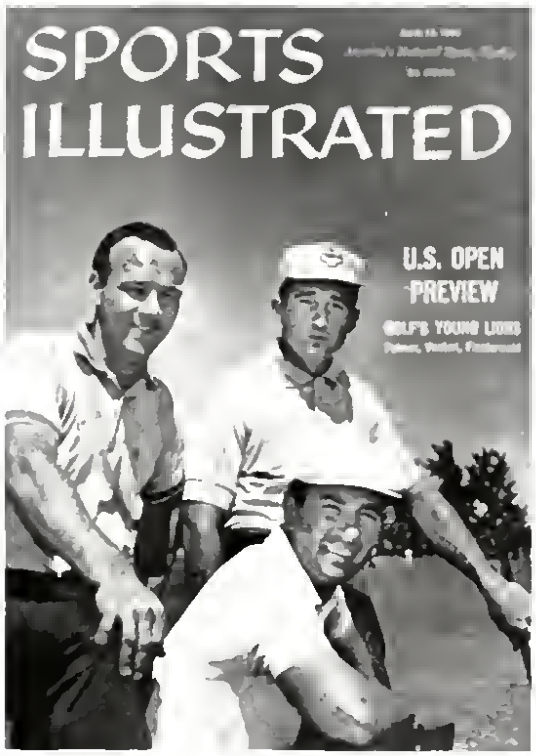
# LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER




Arnold Palmer graces our cover this week for a record 12th time, one more than Muhammad Ali and four more than Mickey Mantle. The occasion is not a championship or prospective championship but Arnie's 40th birthday, an important milestone to us since this magazine sort of grew up with him—our fourth issue carried the story of his victory in the U.S. Amateur. Palmer's first cover came in 1960 when he was billed as one of golf's promising young pros (*above*) and by January of 1961 he was out front all by himself as our Sportsman of the Year, on his way to an exciting decade of leading Arnie's Army. To mark the birthday we have taken a backward look at the highlights (*page 28*) in a gallery of color photographs and a personal reminiscence by Dan Jenkins, who remembers just when he first realized Palmer was going to earn general's stars.

Several SI staffers have personal recollections of Arnie. Pat Ryan learned how to walk a course from Arnold's wife Winnie, an expert on the mounds and knolls from which one can get a good view but avoid the crowds.

Senior Editor Ray Cave also has been a frequent walker with Winnie, and whenever Arnold was in contention Ray would try to convince her to convince him to wear red for the final round, ideal for our color photos.

"We never dared tell him we were pushing red," said Cave. "Eventually this made me nervous because if it succeeded—he didn't. He couldn't seem to win in red and when he went into the last day of the 1967 U.S. Open at Baltusrol tied for the lead, I didn't bring up the matter at all. I weighed it carefully, SI's interests against Arnold's, and voted for Arnold. He wore white, but Jack Nicklaus shot 65 to win by four strokes."

Whether winning or losing, and in whatever color, Arnold Palmer has been an electrifying force in sport. Along with all the other members of his Army, we hope there will be many more Sundays when the magic word is passed "Arnie has started his charge!"

Gary Valk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# FOOTLOOSE

**To its traditional three H's, Saratoga has added C for culture, S for sports**

Berry Wall no longer changes clothes 40 times a day to stroll along Broadway, and there are no Rolls-Royces parked in front of the famous Grand Union Hotel these days. In fact there is no Grand Union Hotel. But that doesn't mean there is no Saratoga. The fact is, as railbirds who hastened north to view the Travers Stakes may have learned—that Saratoga, N.Y., a watering place so famed it even gave its name to a trunk, is once again becoming one of the first resorts.

For many years the town seemed to exist only for the 24 days of the year when the Thoroughbreds galloped around the racetrack in Saratoga Springs. At night, of course, a goodly number of gambling clubs operated with just enough class to make Saratoga seem like a mini Monte Carlo. Then Estes Kefauver aimed his horn-rimmed gaze at organized gambling. The gay life began to die, and people began to consider Saratoga a place that had outlived its time.

In 1966, however, the Performing Arts Center was opened in an area a mile from downtown known as Saratoga Spa State Park. The New York City Ballet Company and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra were both in need of summer homes, and somehow Saratoga got both of them.

On those days when the Performing Arts Center is not used for classical turns it is turned over to performers like Peter, Paul and Mary, Johnny Mathis, Tony Bennett, the Fifth Dimension, Dionne Warwick, The Young Americans, the Cowsills, Bill Cosby and Buffy Sainte-Marie.

Today's Saratoga boasts sports facilities equal to those in any part of the country. There are 15 golf courses within an area of 30 miles that are both interesting and challenging and on the most crowded of days normally beg no more than a half-hour waiting time. There is a trotting track that rates as one of the prettiest and best cared for in the country. Swimming facilities, boating, water skiing, skin diving and sailing can all be found within 40 miles. Fishing and camping areas are ample and good.

The biggest problem in the current Saratoga is where to stay and where to eat. Supermarkets make the main street, Broadway, a visual nightmare. When a projected new civic center is built close to the downtown area it is possible that a class restaurant will appear in it. Meantime, gourmets had better find another city.

Not many years ago Saratoga sold itself on the three H's—history, health and horses. The history had been there since 1777 when General Gates stopped General Burgoyne's march from Canada toward Albany and beat him back in what became the turning point of the Revolutionary War. Each year thousands of people go to the site of the battle of Saratoga and proceed by auto along well-marked routes that describe the action in detail.

For health, Saratoga offers its famous spa, some 2,000 acres located on the outskirts of the city. It has long been known for the "healing springs" that bring relaxation to visitors. Saratoga has the only naturally carbonated mineral waters east of the Rocky Mountains, and today the spa's three major bathhouses can accommodate 4,500 people per day, although the most it has ever handled is 2,700. Of the three bathhouses the Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt—the Roosevelt is considered the best and, naturally, has the highest prices: $4.25 for a bath and $3.50 for a massage.

Horses? Well, now, Saratoga has remained one of the most prominent racing centers in the world because it has consistently provided its patrons with a 24-day meeting of grand diversification. Over the years the Travers, which this year became the first $100,000-added race in Saratoga's history, has counted among its winners such horses as Sword Dancer, Tompion, Beau Prince, Jaipur, Crewman, Quadrangle, Hail to All, Buckpasser and Damascus.

The yearling sales, conducted at the new Humphrey S. Finnes Sales Pavilion only a couple of blocks from the main entrance to the running track, draws bidders from many parts of the U.S., South America, Canada and Europe. Man o' War was sold as a yearling at Saratoga for $5,000, and last year, in a matter of a few short minutes, yearling history was made in such a startling fashion that it will probably never be repeated. A yearling by the French sire Sea-Bird was sold for a Saratoga record of $210,000, and on the same evening a daughter of American sire Hail to Reason, was knocked down at $225,000.

The newest of Saratoga's horsy attractions concerned itself not at all with racing, betting or breeding. The American Dressage Institute conducted a two-week course early in July to try to refine the habits of some of the more promising young riders in the country. Early each morning, long before the dew had been burned from the lush grass at the old Oklahoma track, the young riders were mounted and slowly taken through the art of dressage by Colonel Hans Moeller, Michael Handler, the son of the director of the Spanish Riding School in Vienna and Franz Rochowansky, the institute's chief instructor.

The old days are indeed gone for Saratoga, leaving only the ghosts of Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady. But Saratoga has survived, dug in and come out to play in a new costume as becoming as the old.

—WILLIAM LEGGETT


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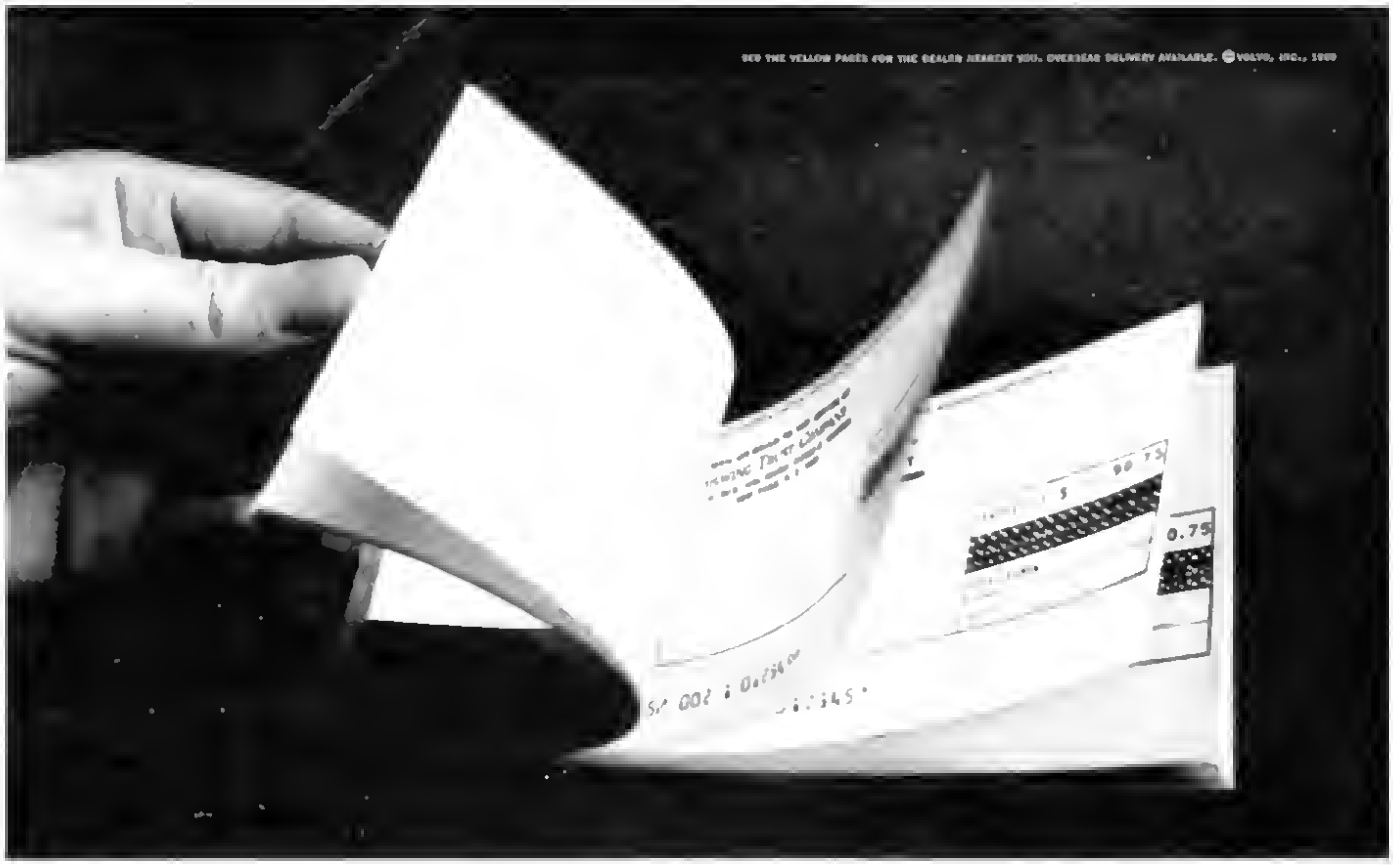
CONTINENTAL
The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail



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# SCORECARD

**BAD MOVE**

Admittedly, there are some good things to say about the Denver Rockets' signing of Spencer Haywood, even though he was pulled out of the University of Detroit at the end of his sophomore year. There is the money, a reported $250,000 on a long-term contract, and that is vitally important to a 20-year-old black kid said to be the main support of his mother and nine brothers and sisters. And, of course, college for Haywood was primarily (and understandably) a place to further his basketball career. The Denver contract was thus a most logical and welcome step for him.

As for Denver, it picks up both national publicity and another potential superstar—things the Rockets and the beleaguered ABA can use. The ABA seemed all but dead when Lew Alcindor decided to sign with the NBA but it has been fighting back. Now, with discussions continuing about merger with the NBA, it appears stronger than ever.

Yet the unavoidable fact remains: in defiance of rules and traditions (and completely ignoring the established draft system), a pro basketball team has signed a man in the middle of his college career. Denver argues that Haywood is an exception because he was a "hardship" case. *But will that explanation* prevent other teams from scrambling onto campuses after other undergraduate prospects? And if they do, what can possibly result except all-out war between the pros and the colleges, with its bitterness, acrimony and chaos? Denver has done well by Spencer Haywood, but it has done the game of basketball a grave disservice.

**WILT, HANDS DOWN**

As for Haywood's elders, Lew Alcindor, whose presence on the roster has really boosted the Milwaukee Bucks' preseason ticket sales ("Our average attendance last year was 6,246," says Publicity Man Jim Foley, "and I'd say that would be a poor crowd this year"), made his debut against Wilt Chamberlain recently in the 11th Annual Maurice Stokes Benefit Game, played at Monticello, N.Y. in the Catskill Mountains. Alcindor performed creditably, scoring 14 points as his team won 80-79, but he was distinctly outplayed by weary old Wilt, who taught him an abrupt lesson on the very first play. Chamberlain wheeled around Alcindor, easily stuffed the ball and in propelling it downward banged it off Lew's hand, which at that point was sticking up through the bottom of the basket. Oscar Robertson, another old pro, said, "Lew will have to watch out for Wilt. He could break his hand that way."

**WHAT WOULD AVERY SAY?**

Al Franken, the West Coast publicity man who puts on the Los Angeles Invitational Indoor Track Meet each January, has taken a hint from golf and is advertising for a sponsor. Franken says if he can find a company willing to put up the dough in exchange for the publicity value, he'd be happy to change the name of his meet to the Pepsi Games, the Budweiser Games, the Gatorade Games or whatever. It might work, especially if Franken is lucky enough to sign up Olympia beer.

**TOUGHER LEAGUE THIS YEAR**

A year ago Memphis State played its first season as a member of the Missouri Valley Conference. A conference team is required to play at least five conference games to be eligible for the championship, but because of previous commitments Memphis State was able to schedule only four conference schools. No sweat, said the other conference members amiably. We'll count your game with—oh, let's see—with Southern Mississippi as the required fifth game. So Memphis State won all four of its conference games, knocked off Southern Mississippi, too, and won the MVC title in its first attempt.

This season Memphis State again has only four conference games on its schedule, and again the other teams have agreed to let one nonleague contest count. But this time they bypassed Southern Mississippi, which was 4-6 last year, and instead have designated Florida State, which was 8-2 and which for three straight years has gone on to bowl games.

**. . . BUT A WHYMPER**

Ever dreamed of getting away from it all and climbing the Matterhorn, of finding yourself all alone on a silent peak thousands of feet above the clash and clatter of civilization?

Forget it, friends. There are no more silent, lonely places. Less than a century after Edward Whymper first conquered it, the Matterhorn is suffering from a prime malady of our cities: traffic jams. More than 100 tourists climb the storied mountain each weekend during the peak of the season, and because of the crowd the Zermatt guides have had to declare a time limit for silent con-

templation at the top. On Saturdays and Sundays, therefore, climbers are permitted only 45 minutes up there before they have to move off to make room for the next party.

You get more time than that from a parking meter.

**FRIGHT NIGHT**

Sioux Falls, S. Dak. (pop. 52,696) has a beautiful new 15,000-seat arena but just about nothing to put in it. Promoter Worth Christie, who admitted later that he had never seen a professional boxing match, figured that a name fighter might draw a crowd, and he signed up Emile Griffith, the now-and-

*continued*

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then middleweight champion, to fight Art Hernandez, a battler out of Omaha who used to be a beet-field worker in Sidney, Neb. Christie guaranteed Griffith $8,000, Hernandez $3,500, scheduled the bout for Friday night, Aug. 15, and set about selling tickets.

He didn't have much luck. Although on the Thursday before the bout he assured Howard Albert, one of Griffith's co-managers, that he had $11,000 in the bank and $3,000 in ticket orders, on Friday afternoon he was obliged to admit to Albert that a bank loan had not come through and all he actually had was $4,000.

No money, no Griffith, threatened Albert and cried, "It's an obvious case of fraud." Edward Poppen, a South Dakota athletic commissioner, was kinder and more accurate. "We are rather naive," he explained.

Less than an hour before fight time the match appeared to be canceled. But just about then Darrell Johnson appeared on the scene. Johnson, a real estate man, had driven over from Rapid City with his wife to see the fight and he was distressed by the developments. After talking with another state athletic commissioner, Burton Wrede, a fellow citizen of Rapid City, Johnson stepped into the breach and agreed to underwrite the guarantee.

This, technically, was not enough under South Dakota rules, which require a certified check. But Griffith's managers conceded the point, a waiver was obtained, the doors were opened and the fight went on. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had no trouble finding good seats in the sparse gathering of 987 spectators.

Next day things began to come apart. After taxes the gate receipts totaled only $5,306.70—and all but $1,128.34 of that was committed to rent, salaries and other bills. To meet the guarantees to Griffith and Hernandez, Johnson would have to get up more than $10,000, far more than he had anticipated. He talked to a local attorney and was promptly advised to sign no checks. Everybody started screaming, and lawyers began to descend on Sioux Falls like crows on a cornfield.

Governor Frank Farrar of South Dakota, hearing of the mess and feeling that his state's honor was at stake, spoke to Commissioner Wrede and told him to call a meeting and straighten the mess out. Talks went on all through Saturday and Sunday. Finally Johnson announced, "I'll pay what I owe." Griffith settled for $6,400 and Hernandez for $2,800, and things quieted down. After it was all over, Johnson said proudly, "I'd do it again." His wife said, "I wouldn't."

As for the fight itself, Griffith won by a split decision, and even that made no sense. Referee Lew Eskin of New Jersey, looked upon in South Dakota as "Griffith's referee," voted for Hernandez. The two Midwestern judges (one from South Dakota, the other from Nebraska) voted for Griffith. It was that kind of week in Sioux Falls.

### COLD COMFORT

When Al McGuire, Marquette University basketball coach, tried to set up a home-and-home series with the University of Dayton, he received a negative reaction from Dayton Coach Don Donoher, who wrote,

"We cannot get together for the following reasons:

1. Marquette is too tough.
2. McGuire is too tough.
3. Milwaukee is too cold.
4. Your gym is too old."

### NO NUDES IS GOOD NUDES

This week's flash from the sunshine and health front is sure to shake nudists right down to their, uh, soles. The nudist defense, as everyone knows, is that if sunshine is good at all it is good all over – and now along comes something from Alpencorp, Ltd., the company that distributes the suntan lotion Piz Buin. It is a fabric that incorporates a special weave and a special chemical finishing. The combination permits 40% of the sun's ultraviolet rays to come right on through, which means you can wear a swimsuit and still tan those sections of skin usually untanned. The company will soon market its own bikini made of the new fabric for about $15. There goes nudism's best defense, and it's safe to say this sort of thing will have nudists doing a slow burn.

### IN FROM THE COLD

Before you travel-adventure fans get too stirred up about a proposed new "Top Secret" tour of Berlin now being offered around by travel agents, we feel it only fair to warn you that it's a lot of *Wurst*, as they say over there. "Discover mysterious and thrilling Berlin," the tour offering says, "divided city with the

unique isle status, get behind TOP SECRETS yourself." Across the top of the sheet are provocative drawings of a *zoftig* girl in a hikini, a man in trench coat looking very much like a spy, a revolver and couple of shells and—in the most impeccable taste—a man being shot in the back. Enticing, but any Len Deighton fan who thinks he is going to see any of that sort of thing ought to read the tour schedule. First day: arrive at your hotel and get one welcome cocktail on the house. Second day, stroll in the vicinity of the hotel to discover the area and, that evening, "peek from the dark over the glaringly illuminated [Berlin] wall." Third day you get the good old tour of the antique shops and an early dinner—and fourth day they send you home. That's it, top-secret fans.

**PADDED FIGURES**

Sid Friedman of Cleveland has formed a women's professional football league, composed of lissome creatures ranging from 18 to 46 years of age and from 117 to 285 pounds. He hopes to have four teams—the Cleveland Daredevils, the Pittsburgh All-Stars, the Canadian Belles of Toronto and the Detroit Petticoats. The Josephine Namath who is expected to put the league on the map is Marcella Sanborn of the Daredevils, who can throw a flat pass 35 yards and punt 40.

"They play for keeps," Friedman says. "It's not a setup deal like wrestling. They can block and tackle and run."

Next thing you know, male sportswriters will be trying to get into the press box.

**THEY SAID IT**

• Jacque MacKinnon, San Diego tight end and physical fitness fan, when asked who was his favorite actress: "Put it this way: if I was to be marooned on a desert island, I would want with me a set of weights, vitamin pills, a color-TV set—and Ursula Andress."

• Bones McKinney, coach of the Carolina Cougars of the American Basketball Association, on his search for a center: "I sure hope I find one. When the season starts, I'll be too busy helping the referees to play the position myself."

• Art Aragon, ex-boxer, on the thieves who broke into his home: "They had no class. They not only didn't take any of my boxing pictures hanging on the wall, they turned them around." **END**

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**Sports Illustrated**
SEPTEMBER 1, 1969

# RUBEN WILTS A ROSE

*A swinging Mexican with a ring in his shoe, a car on his mind and one of the hardest left hooks anywhere takes the bantamweight championship from Australian aborigine Lionel Rose at Los Angeles* **by JACK TOBIN**

To Ruben Olivares, five weeks in the Ciudad de la Nuestra Señora la Reina de Los Angeles de Porciuncula was a colossal, cloistered, confining bore. He would endure it for the challenger's share of a championship bantamweight fight that would draw the largest indoor gate of any boxing match in California history. He would suffer it to bring raucous delight to an armada of Mexican fans who try to dismantle Inglewood brick by bolt every time one of their boxers does or does not win a championship there. He would tolerate it for the chance to add one more racy automobile to the five now parked in front of his Mexico City home. But somebody was going to have to pay.

Last week Lionel Rose, Australian aborigine, world bantamweight champion, perennial pipe smoker and calculating boxer deluxe, was the man who paid. For four rounds Olivares pounded Rose relentlessly, and then took him out in the fifth in a superb display of power and speed.

Upsetting as the drubbing must have been to Rose, it was no upset, for the 21-year-old Olivares had built an almost frightening reputation as a slugger. Of the 51 men he had faced, 49 had been knocked out. Rose, meanwhile, had been knocked down in all three of his title defenses in the past 18 months, was having trouble, as usual, making the 118-pound weight limit and had a history of nagging injuries. It was a matchup of slugger vs. boxer, but the boxer was a 4-to-5 underdog—with reason.

One further reason might have been that Olivares was annoyed. Normally an easygoing, gregarious young man, he had turned sullen in the final days of training in the Ciudad de la etc., etc. Olivares is a relisher of bright clothes, shiny jewelry, soft lights and hard drink. He likes to go shopping. The last time he fought in Los Angeles he came with one suit of clothes and an empty suitcase, and left with five outfits and a full suitcase. "He's homesick," said Manager Arturo Hernandez the morning of the fight. "He's never been away more than two weeks. This time it is five weeks. All he wants to do is knock out Rose and go home." The Olivares preparations for the fight included plane reservations for early the following morning.

Meanwhile, at the Inglewood Forum, other preparations were being completed. Nobody had forgotten what happened on Dec. 6, 1968, which was the last time Lionel Rose paid a visit to California. That night the challenger was a different Mexican idol, Chucho Castillo, and when Rose won a split decision the boxing fans from Tijuana, Ensenada, Mexicali, Juarez and other way points on the route to Mexico City opened an Inglewood branch office of the Spanish-American War. To insure there would be no repeat performance, Promoter George Parnassus called in help, and as the sun set last Friday night and the crowd moved toward the Forum there was a feeling of entering a war zone. Helmeted police with billy clubs held high were everywhere—and working in foursomes or pairs. Patrol cars roamed through the parking lots. The Forum's gatemen made up a private patrol of their own, complete with combat helmets. All this effort probably was wise, but it proved unnecessary, thanks to Olivares.

As Olivares entered the ring there was the predictable pandemonium. Mexican flags waved everywhere in the arena, streamers poured down from the higher seats and sombreros fanned back and forth through the heavy air, cutting off the view of half the crowd. Banners were marched through the aisles, hundreds of balloons suddenly rose toward the ceiling, each bearing the name Olivares, and there was much chanting of "Viva Mexico," "Viva Ruben," "Viva Olivares." Rose looked subdued, perhaps straining to hear just one small "Viva Lionel."

Then, with nationalism rampant, came anthems. Plenty for everybody. The British. The Australian. The Mexican. The Star-Spangled. And finally, with the 9 p.m. title hour long gone, came Olivares vs. Rose.

The first round was one minute and

*continued*

*Rose, blood flowing from his mouth and staining his trunks, struggles to hold off Olivares*

56 seconds old, and Olivares was moving just the way Rose had expected him to—side to side, side to side—when suddenly a flashing left hook caught Rose on the jaw. The Australian dropped stiff to the canvas. It had been a stunning shot, and for a moment it looked like all the helmets and anthems and vivas had been offered in the name of less than two minutes of action. But Rose rose, uneasily, took the mandatory eight count and prepared himself for a new task—not victory, survival.

With just seconds left in the same round a lacing left by Olivares knocked out Rose's mouthpiece, an event that was to become a meaningful ritual of the fight. This left is almost a bolo punch, only Olivares generates the power for it without the looping windup that tends to telegraph it. He lands the punch with far more impact than a man his size ought to be able to manage.

Midway through the second round Olivares swung and the Rose mouthpiece was sliding across the blue deck of the ring again. The referee stopped the action to let Rose replace it. Though it was not apparent at the time, this was the blow that finished Rose, for it ended any chance the Australian had of establishing the pace and poise that a boxer must maintain to defeat a slugger. It was in this round, too, that Olivares changed his style, replacing his sideways movements with a straight-ahead attack. "We go straight in, we go straight in," explained Manager Hernandez later. "That confuse Rose. We beat him that way." Maybe so. But constant blasting with a left hook had something to do with it, too.

The end almost came in the third round, but Rose began to protect his head from the battering and forced Olivares to shift his attack to the body. And again the mouthpiece flew. In the fourth round Olivares was in full command. Blows came from all sides, from all angles. They flew off the gloves Rose held alongside his head with a hang that was clearly audible over the never-ending roar of the crowd.

Only 55 seconds of the fifth round had slipped by when Rose's mouthpiece sailed out again. This time Rose wanted no replacement for it. He quickly kicked it out of the ring. It was obvious that the end was near. Rose knew it and there was no need to delay things further.

Two vicious left hooks to the body tore into Rose's ribs about midway in the round, and with 1:40 gone another hook put him down. It was a five count before he was up, and again the mandatory eight. A flurry of red leather lashed Rose's head. A left, a right, a left and then a solid right hand dropped him on all fours. Referee Larry Rozadilla didn't hesitate, didn't count. He waved Olivares off, pointed to Rose's corner that it was over and raised the Latin's hand in triumph.

It was a case of brisk destruction. Rose had never been a factor. He never had a chance to display his boxing skills. He never landed a truly damaging blow. He was up against too many guns.

If the title challenge that was supposed to be a classic between boxer and bomber never materialized, one other Forum challenge did. It took place as Olivares' hand was elevated in triumph. From all sides came a swarm of Ruben's admirers. A hundred were in the ring in an instant. But the police were prepared. One rooter made it in over the middle rope only to come flying out over the top one. Another came slithering in on his belly, crawling between and around legs until he found air space. Police bounced him out on two hops and he landed in the press row. A third tried to Valeri Brumel it, jumping the top rope. He was greeted by a policeman's forearm that put him down and out on the apron.

Ultimately the shakers and greeters capitulated, especially after Olivares put on the traditional sombrero and rode around the ring on the shoulders of his handlers. But it was a good 30 minutes after Rose had gone to his quarters before Olivares came dancing down the hallway to his dressing room.

By then Rose was saying, "I knew the bloke could punch hard, but I didn't think he would punch *that* hard. He's got machine guns hanging off those arms and he never quits firing."

Rose credited Olivares' vicious body attack for finally cutting him down. "He kept hitting me up under the rib cage," he said. "I couldn't get my breath."

Rose paused to press an ice pack carefully against his lip. "That's the worst Lionel has ever been beaten," conceded his manager, Jack Rennie. "That punch in the second round that knocked out his mouthpiece threw him off balance and he never regained his tempo. From the second round on he was fighting on stamina and guts alone."

Would there be a rematch? The answer came fast and sharp: "No rematch. We're moving up to the next division."

Rose had to content himself with his $100,000 share of the purse. Olivares, being the challenger, would get only $30,000, plus the kind of fanatical admiration that fills the dressing rooms of winners.

"I knew I had it from the second round," he managed to say in Spanish, helped by a thousand or so unofficial interpreters surrounding him. "Rose is a great fighter, a great boxer, strong, quick. But I take care of him."

The television lights were now reflecting the dazzle of his gold-capped front teeth and Olivares was sullen no more. He babbled constantly as his handlers finally cut his gloves off, revealing solid hands that showed no hint of damage.

"They the difference," said Hernandez, pointing to the hands. "Mexicans work with their hands. Build houses, build buildings, dig, pound, work. Great strength. Great power."

Then off came a shoe and out dropped a worn gold ring that Olivares always puts there when he fights. It was given to him by his father, who is also his business manager. The family's system is a simple one. The father takes half of Ruben's money to invest as he sees fit. Ruben gets to invest the other half as he pleases, and there is never much doubt about how he pleases. Already from this purse has come a Corvette 427, a car to suit a champion. And, as the night wore on, Olivares kept shouting to anyone he thought he recognized, "Come, vacation with me. Acapulco. Great time. Great place! Come, I treat you to the works—wine, women, song."

One of his followers expressed some concern to Hernandez about Ruben's postfight plans.

"Do not worry," Olivares interrupted. "I know when to work and when to have fun. Before the fight I sweat. Now I play. See you in Acapulco." **END**

*A mighty left to the ribs shatters Rose, and a moment later the night belongs to Mexico.*

# THE CARDINALS ARE COMING TRA LA TRA LA

*So goes Announcer Harry Caray's song, intended to signal the most remarkable comeback in baseball history. Others feel it should be the one about birds in a gilded cage*

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERB SCHARFMAN

Last Friday morning Charles Dallan Maxvill, 30-year-old shortstop for the St. Louis Cardinals, awoke and began to think about impossibilities. Without ever doing anything controversial in his life, Dal Maxvill has become a much-discussed personality among baseball fans because he draws a salary of $50,000 while carrying an average of .168—a fine figure only if one happens to be a pitcher and the decimal point is moved over one digit to the right and called an earned run average.

When Maxvill was growing up in Granite City, Ill. he was so small for his age that his mother would put him up on the handlebars of a bicycle and pedal him through town so he could play for the Little League team. Today he is a very aware man who can reflect on those days and savor the genuine humor in them. On Friday morning, however, he could not muster the faintest of smiles. The night before, after 122 games of a frustrating season, the Cardinals had botched another chance both to save face and put some excitement into the race for the championship of the National League's Eastern Division.

"The Cubs had lost in the afternoon," Maxvill said, "and we had the chance to pull within seven games of them, but we played as bad as we could and lost. Opportunities to pick up games this late in a season do not come along too often, and we had messed ours up. When I woke up in the morning after that terrible defeat I still felt rotten about the game the night before and hoped for just one more opportunity. If only the Cubs would stub their toes one more time we would still have a chance. Chicago was playing Houston in Wrigley Field, and when I got into my car and drove to the ball park I turned on the radio and heard that Chicago had lost. The opportunity was there again. Suddenly we had another chance. For the Cardinals this part of the season is the one that's fun. Now is the time this team wants to play hard. It's when the club gets itself organized. Only a ballplayer realizes this. Naturally, you play all the games hard, but something else takes over at this point of the season."

Maxvill made two excellent plays in the seventh inning against the Atlanta Braves that evening. They helped tremendously in a victory that put the Cardinals within seven games of the Cubs and gave them a long-shot chance to pull off one of the greatest comebacks in baseball history. (The classic reference point for comebacks concerns the Boston Braves of 1914 who were 15 games behind on July 4 and won by 10½.)

Within recent weeks the Cardinals have been playing the kind of baseball that people had expected them to play since early April. Neither the Cubs, leaders of the Eastern Division since the first day of the season, nor the New York Mets, a young team with strong pitching, have been coming back to them in the standings, the Cardinals have been moving forward purposefully and gaining ground by winning series after series. For most of this year people asked, "What's the matter with the Cards?" They now ask, "Does St. Louis have a chance?" The answer to the first question is the normal quota of complacency that creeps up on successful teams after a couple of years at the top. To the second: yes.

After easily winning pennants in 1967 and 1968, the Cardinals started the 1969 season in a dream world. Following a long period of holdouts they never got themselves organized because there was not enough time. They also lost three key people through retirement and the hurried league expansion to 12 teams. Roger Maris had been invaluable because of the knowledge he passed on to the other players as well as for his ability to keep the team loose. Because of expansion, St. Louis traded Catcher John Edwards to Houston rather than lose him in the draft and the occasion arose for Coach Joe Schultz to become the manager of the American League's Seattle Pilots.

The Cards entered 1969 as 2-to-5 favorites to win the Eastern Division, but they swiftly began to resemble a million-dollar misunderstanding. They lost their first three games of the season to the Pittsburgh Pirates, then won their next three to reach .500. That .500 figure was to become a bugaboo to the team and its fans for a long time thereafter. On April 15 the Cardinals were again at .500, but it was three months and 82 games later before they managed to get that high once more.

During their two previous pennant-winning seasons, the Cards usually seemed capable of producing the pinch hit that would win or tie a game or start a rally. In 1969 however, the pinch hitters marched away from the plate their first 17 times without getting a hit. Late in April, Vada Pinson, acquired from Cincinnati in a trade, was hit on the right leg by a pitch, suffered a hairline fracture of the fibula and was out of the lineup for nearly a month. On May 25 Dave Giusti, the right-handed pitcher St. Louis traded twice to get, wrenched his back and was put on the disabled list for 21 days. But major league scouts watching the Cardinals play began to notice certain odd things happening to

continued

*Winner of a two-hitter last week, Chuck Taylor, rookie from Ball Buckle, Tenn., cools off with watermelon in the clubhouse. High-paid Dal Maxvill helped save a big game against Atlanta*

*Shilling for his theme song Caray sold 256 recordings of it in one afternoon last week*

the team that had not occurred during the two previous years, and those things had little to do with injuries. The defense was having trouble, and the cutoff plays on outfield throws, so vital in holding the opposition down, were being butchered.

Jim Russo, the superscout for the Baltimore Orioles, and a St. Louis resident who has watched the Cardinals often this year, says, "Apparently, when you win, a little complacency develops. But the Cardinals were not making the plays defensively that they used to make, and the catching was not throwing runners out."

Others began to notice different things. While it cannot be said that the Cardinals had become the playboys of the Western world, there were indications that they were on their way to becoming the eryhahies of the Eastern Division. Too often the players called the official scorer to suggest strongly that an error be changed to a hit or a hit to an error. Of all the things that seemed to be going wrong, this seemed to be the most un-Cardinal-like. General Manager Bing Devine and Manager Red Schoendienst stopped that, but not before the team had lost a little of its glow for knowing baseball people.

Indeed, the catching was not throwing out runners. Tim McCarver, never thought to have one of the strong arms in baseball, has thrown out only 15 men this season while 56 have stolen successfully. The Cardinal hitting attack has had difficulty all season in getting runners home from third base with less than two out. There is one eye-opening statistic concerning the attack, as it relates to the lowering of the pitching mound and the smaller strike zone, both of which have helped the hitting in the majors. Of the 10 established National League teams, eight show an increase of nearly a run a game over their production of 1968. Even the Philadelphia Phillies, the most disorganized team in the National League, show an increase of better than half a run per game despite having been without Richie Allen, their best hitter, for four weeks. The Cardinals show an increase of only one run a week.

On July 5 everyone was sure that the time had come to lay the sod on top of St. Louis. By losing a tough game in 10 innings to the Cubs the day before, the Cardinals were 15½ games behind Chicago and, clearly, going nowhere at all. It seemed a perfect time for the players to pack up their bats and fall asleep in the clubhouse on top of their wallets. It was then, says McCarver, "that we just decided to put our heads down and drive through the walls."

Not only did the Cardinals face the obstacle of overhauling four teams in front of them in the standings, but of chasing baseball history itself. They had begun the season with the opportunity to become one of the few teams ever to win three consecutive National League pennants. Now before the Cards was the chance to replace the 1914 Braves in the record books. They won 12 of their next 14 games and moved to within nine games of the Cubs.

When the All-Star break came, the Cardinal team was virtually disgraced in the voting by players on the other clubs. Julian Javier finished in sixth place among the league's second basemen, with only five votes, and Lou Brock, with 16, was regarded as the 11th best outfielder in the league. Not one other Cardinal received a single vote.

Following the All-Star Game, St. Louis continued to play excellent ball. It was also frustrating ball. The Chicago Cubs were playing excellently themselves. While the Cardinals were chasing history they also had some favorable precedent on their side. In 1963 St. Louis had saved a placid National League season by putting on one of the best drives of any year, winning 19 of 20 games to pull within a single game of the front-running Los Angeles Dodgers in the middle of September. They ultimately lost, but with another tremendous rush the following season they came from 11 games back with only 39 to play and brought St. Louis its first pennant in 18 seasons.

There has always been a certain air of madness, usually accompanied by music, in Cardinal clubhouses. In the late 1930s the famous Mudcat Band played tunes like *Possum up a Gum Stump* with Lon Warneke on the harmonica, Boh Weiland on the jug, Frenchy Bordagaray on the washboard, "Fiddler" Bill McGee, Max Lanier and Pepper Martin on guitars. In the 1940s Stan Musial used to play the spoons, and *Pass the Biscuits, Mirandy* became the club's theme song. *Biscuits* was revived in 1963, and in the pennant-winning years of '67 and '68 the clubhouse record player continually pounded out *A Fistful of Dollars*. Around St. Louis today a strange song is being heard, and it has an element of

irony to it. *The Cardinals Are Coming. Tra La Tra La* was devised by Announcer Harry Caray at the time when the team started to make its move. The words are worn on sweat shirts and appear on signs hanging from the stands at Busch Memorial Stadium, and buttons reading "The Cardinals Are Coming. Tra La Tra La" are beginning to turn up in quantity.

The strength of any drive the Cardinals launch from this point will be furnished by a sound starting pitching staff and its new hero is a 27-year-old rookie named Chuck Taylor from Bell Buckle, Tenn. Taylor has won six games since July 6. Expert at changing speeds to upset hitters, he is a control specialist who walks virtually nobody he doesn't have to. At Tulsa during the 1968 season he walked only 38 men in 230 innings. Put into a starting rotation with Bob Gibson, Nelson Briles, Steve Carlton, who has now fulfilled his early promise by winning 15 games with an earned run average of 1.97, and young Mike Torrez, Taylor could help keep the team's momentum going while it prays for the Cubs to continue stubbing their toes occasionally. And St. Louis still has seven games left against Chicago.

After the 4–2 victory over Atlanta last Friday night, the Cardinal clubhouse was alive with music and nonsense. The team had played without Javier, its hottest hitter during the recent surge. He suffered an injury to a finger earlier in the week. Curt Flood was out with a virus attack, and Torrez was doing time with the Marine Reserves. Still, there was a fresh air of optimism and determination reflected in the music. A new song had taken the place of *Possum* and *Biscuits*. "We play it," said Briles, "because it typifies our season and how people might have felt toward us and how we feel ourselves." The name of it is *That's Life*. Some of the lyrics are:

*That's life,*
*That's what people say,*
*You're ridin' high in April,*
*Shot down in May,*
*But I know I'm gonna change that tune,*
*When I'm back on top in June*
*I've been up and down and over and out*
*And I know one thing*
*Each time I find myself flat on my face,*
*I pick myself up and get back in the*
*race.* ©

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*St. Louis was behind Cincinnati 4–2 in the sixth but had started a rally when Tim McCarver allowed himself to be picked off second by Jim Stewart (above). He made partial amends later by getting Stewart at the plate (though knocked flat), but this game was lost.*

# TAKE THE LONGEST WAY TO WIN

*America's Nevele Pride was in front on the rail when a French challenger—on the outside all the way—made the four moves that wore down the favorite and won the International Trot*

by WILLIAM F. REED JR.

The language varied from Swedish to German to several shades of English, but the question was always the same: could anyone hope to beat Nevele Pride, that formidable Cadillac of American harness racing? Nevele Pride, as everyone knows, is a well-established winner, on the trail to becoming the first trotter ever to earn $1 million. He had beaten about all the best horses on this side of the Atlantic, but now he faced a special sort of challenge—a worldly field assembled at Roosevelt Raceway in New York for the 11th edition of the $100,000 International Trot. If speculation about such a meeting seemed natural, it also seemed natural that there was one man among the drivers who had no doubts about the outcome.

Jean-René Gougeon is an ebullient Frenchman with a superb nose and a well-documented winning touch with harness horses. And the mere idea of anybody prematurely picking Nevele Pride was enough to set him stamping around, shaking his head and mumbling darkly.

"Nevele Pride is the best trotter you have ever had in America," Gougeon said when he showed up at Roosevelt's special International barn. "But the main thing is, perhaps he has no opposition in the U.S. Also, he is not bred and trained for the longer distances like our horses in France." He paused and smiled. "I think we can win, or else I would not have come."

This sort of talk would not have been surprising had Gougeon returned with Roquépine, often called the queen of French trotting, the horse he had driven when she won her second straight International victory last year. But Roquépine has retired and Gougeon's mare last week was a big, muscular 5-year-old newcomer named Une de Mai (One of May). Owned by Meat Packer Count Pierre de Montesson of Boucé, Normandy, Une de Mai had been trotting up a storm at tracks around France and Italy but was still an unknown factor in this country. The significant thing seemed to be that, while the International's mile and a quarter is considered a bit long for American trotters, most of Une de Mai's races had been at least a mile and a sixteenth—including a victory over Roquépine last June 6 at the Enghien course in France.

"I think Une de Mai may trot better than Roquépine," Gougeon told a skeptical American press. "She has more speed, she can leave faster. Now it will be interesting to compare Une de Mai with Nevele Pride."

The race originally had been scheduled a week earlier but was set back when three of the European trotters—Une de Mai and her French partner, Thetis IV, and Agaunar of Italy—were stranded in Europe because of an airlines strike. All the drivers were concerned that their horses might lose some sharpness, and for Stanley Dancer, the quiet, 42-year-old millionaire who trains and drives Nevele Pride, there was still another concern. All year long Dancer has aimed at two important goals before Nevele Pride is retired to stud late this fall by a syndicate that bought him for $3.2 million. First goal, and the most important to Dancer, is breaking Greyhound's world mile record of 1:55¼ set in 1938. The other is having the first trotter—and only the second harness horse, the other being Dancer's Cardigan Bay—ever to win a million dollars. The idle weekend cost Nevele Pride at least $40,000 in purse money, according to Dancer's estimate—not to mention a rare chance to break Greyhound's record on the fast mile track at DuQuoin, Ill. this week. "Now," said Dancer, "we will have to go for the record at one of the other mile tracks out there—either Indianapolis or Lexington."

The postponement also had its international incident. West Germany's True Friend—not an apt name under the circumstances—leaned over and nipped Mrs. Matilde Linnqvist, the wife of one of the owners of Sweden's entry, Kentucky Filbert. But these things happen; stitches were taken and relations were mended.

Despite the problems, when the eight International starters were lined up last Saturday night, only one of the original field was missing—the Italian, Agaunar, who had been scratched after what his owner deemed a miserable tune-up race in Montecatini. As a replacement, Roosevelt officials tried to get New Zealand's Markalan but, learning that the horse was still recovering from an illness, they settled for an American fossil, the 9-year-old gelding Earl Laird, driven by Jimmy Cruise.

Shortly before race time, Dancer took a long look at Une de Mai.

"She's a nice-looking mare," he said. "But my horse is in fine shape, real good. He's the best horse I've ever had, better than Su Mac Lad. The record speaks for itself. I don't know much about these other trotters, but I do know that nobody in this country has done what Nevele Pride has done."

And up in the crowd of 39,212 spectators, Alex Ignatieff, a racing writer for the French magazine *Week-End* and one of Gougeon's closest friends, watched Dancer guide his colt out on the track. Ignatieff had come to the U.S. early to scout Pride's victory in the mile-and-a-quarter American Trotting Championship, a $50,000 race that had boosted the colt's career bankroll to $829,488. The final margin had been four lengths, but Ignatieff had not been overwhelmed.

"Nobody attacked Nevele Pride. They were afraid of him," Ignatieff said. "It will be quite different now because the European horses will not let him make his own race. He will be attacked. In Eu-

*Making one of her repeated bids, Une de Mai (left) cast a baleful glance at Nevele Pride*

rope, and in France in particular, a race is a fight, every meter. And remember, Gougeon is much more aggressive than the average American driver."

Moments later, the mobile starting gate had barely been drawn aside when Dancer, to nobody's surprise, quickly maneuvered Nevele Pride from his No. 7 post position into the lead. Then, as the horses passed the quarter pole in a brisk 30 seconds, the terms of the race were set: Nevele Pride was on the lead, where he likes to be; Canadian champion Fresh Yankee was tucked right behind and Une de Mai was way out there in the middle of the track—where a horse usually tires quicker because of having to trot farther.

But Gougeon had his reasons. "I wasn't going to take her back and go into third," he was to explain, "because then Stanley Dancer would have been able to take back—and I didn't want him to do that. I wanted to keep the pressure on him, so I decided to stay up with Dancer on the outside."

Beat Nevele Pride by racing the entire distance on the outside? Preposterous, of course, and a great many American partisans clutched their programs and waited for Une de Mai to sputter, gasp and fall back into downtown Westbury. What they saw, instead, was Une de Mai, easily identifiable with a light blue cowl on her head, forcing the issue. Four times during the race Dancer tried to coast a little and—as he said later—"each time she came at me," Nevele Pride was trotting just fast enough—a minute for a half, 1:30.3 for three quarters and 2:01.3 for the mile—to burn up the kick he always has at the end.

As they headed into the final quarter, Dancer was chirping to his colt and then, turning for home, he pulled all stops and began to sting Nevele Pride's glistening hide with the whip. "But he was tired," said Dancer, "and he didn't want to go. I knew I was in trouble, but I thought the mare on the outside was in trouble, too."

She almost was. But "after the turn," said Gougeon, "when I got into her again and came back, I knew I was the winner."

Through the last few painful yards Dancer was bouncing around in his sulky, belting Nevele Pride with the whip as best he could, all to no avail. While a roar of surprise rolled through the crowd, Une de Mai swept past and won, with room to spare, by 1¾ lengths, in the time of 2:33.2. Another tired mare, Fresh Yankee, hung on to get third.

"She was tough," Dancer said after leading Nevele Pride back to the paddock. "I didn't think that mare would hang on the outside and beat me."

How did it happen? Why did possibly the best trotter America has ever produced lose by such a margin to a good, if not yet great, French mare?

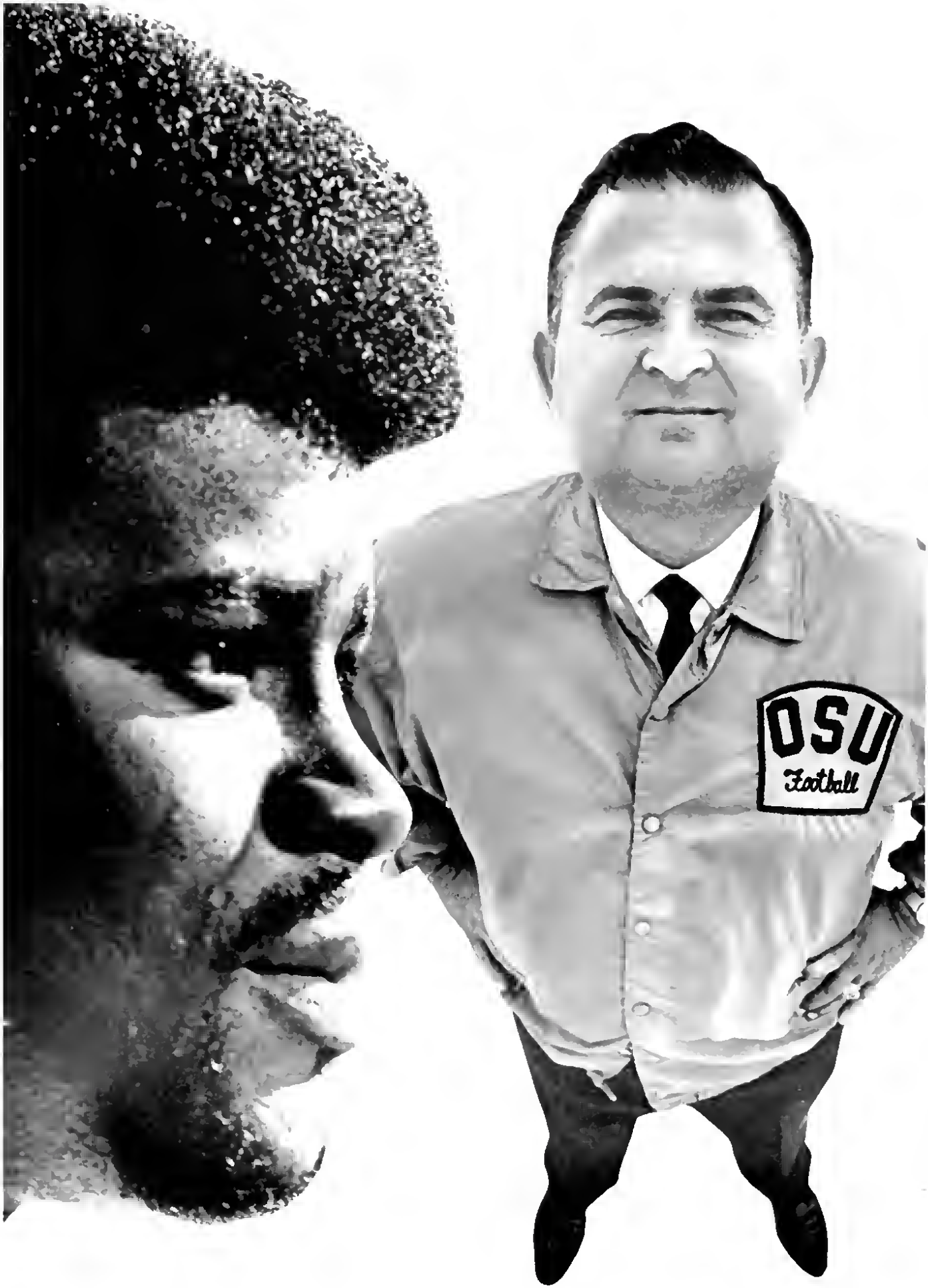
"Nevele Pride went a helluva race," said Joe O'Brien, who had driven Fresh Yankee, "but that mare is used to long distances. That's the way they breed them and train them over there. That's the difference. That is as tough a mare as I've ever seen."

"This was more than just a race of two horses," Gougeon said. "This was the French technique against the American. It's a question of breeding and training."

To be fair, the result of the International did not prove that one technique was better than the other; it only served to underscore the differences. On this particular night Une de Mai was the living ideal of what the French think a trotter should be: muscular, durable, mature, able to trot great distances without working up a sweat. On another night, another distance—or if heat races had been involved—Nevele Pride would have shown the advantages of a smaller, speedier, younger trotter.

The French have now won three Internationals in a row. Gougeon was so delighted that he threw flowers from his victory garland over the fence to the crowd, and then he looked at his mare. "I would like to jump out of the sulky," he said, "and kiss her on both cheeks." It would have been a fine French gesture, at that.

Gougeon plans to race Une de Mai once more at Roosevelt, in the Challenge Cup over a mile and a half. But there seemed no prospect of revenge for Nevele Pride. "No, I don't think so," said Dancer. "I don't want to race him that far if he's not ready. So I'm going to take him back to the farm and let him get over this one." **END**


OSU
Football

## Part 2: The Desperate Coach

**by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

# Shave Off That Thing!

**This, in effect, is what Oregon State Coach Dee Andros told Linebacker Fred Milton (left). Milton refused to shave his beard, Andros kicked him off the team and all hell broke loose. Andros survived the furor, but other coaches haven't been as lucky, notably Bob Ward of Maryland, who quit after his football players rebelled**

Had college coaches been able to cast ballots for the man or pick the place to begin a stand against the forces that beset them, it is not likely that they would have chosen Dee Andros or Oregon State. To be sure, Andros had been a football star at Oklahoma under Bud Wilkinson and a Marine war hero (winning the Bronze Star at Iwo Jima), and he had, in four years, become as popular a figure as ever set foot in Corvallis. Moreover, his teams never lost more than they won and they earned a reputation for slaying giants (when the Beavers beat USC in 1967, the Trojans were ranked No. 1, when they beat Purdue, the Boilermakers were No. 2).

But Corvallis—face it—is no metropolis, and Dee Andros is a great jelly roll of a man whose style is not so much Homeric as Peanutsean. He is 250 pounds on a 170-pound frame. He does not seem to wear his clothes as much as he seems to be wrapped in them. Conversationally, he tends to make fun of himself. He says, for example, that being a war hero was secondary to his more pressing duties as company cook. His is an endearing image, not typical of a crusader.

The creation of Dee Andros as the comic book character West Coast football fans know and love as The Great Pumpkin is mostly his own doing. He pronounces it "Punkin," in the country-boy idiom, and he refers to his exploits as if the character were a separate—albeit lovable—person. "The Great Punkin had himself a time that day," Andros might say. His game wardrobe (from Sizes Unlimited) is all orange and black—pants, jackets, socks, shoes, ties—and he drives an orange and black Oldsmobile. "I bet there isn't another car in the country like it," he says.

Andros always runs onto the field ahead of his team, full speed, an orange ball of fire. When a rival coach suggested that the way to beautify the Oregon State team was to forget about beards on the players and make Andros shave off 60 pounds, The Great Pumpkin just laughed

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and laughed and said, "Hell, I can't do that. I'd spoil my image."

But Andros is not as uncomplicated as he appears, and he is by no means a patsy. When his "coaching prerogative," as he calls it, was threatened, *he* chose the battleground, and the clang that was heard was when his enemies pierced the suet and ran into the steel.

One afternoon last February, The Great Pumpkin was rolling across the campus when he came face to hairy face with Fred Milton, a linebacker of exceptional promise who had sat out the 1968 season because of an injury. Milton had added a mustache and a Vandyke to his particular image.

"It wasn't as if I ran around looking for Milton," says Andros. "But I saw him and I couldn't let it pass."

Andros has very few hard rules. His athletes don't have to live in a dormitory, and there is no curfew. Most discipline is hung on a catchall. "I will not tolerate a player who will embarrass me or the university." According to those who know the Corvallis scene, Andros is a flaming liberal compared to Tommy Prothro, who preceded him at Oregon State. Under Prothro, football players virtually marched two by two onto airplanes. "Tommy didn't believe a player should be allowed to smile on Friday," says Andros. "I have no objection to that. Just don't let me catch him smiling on Saturday."

But Andros did have a rule about hair, no hair over the ears or collar, sideburns no longer than mid-ear, no facial hair. He was consistent. It applied to everybody. He is now obsessed with it. Sitting behind his desk, behind the paperweight that identifies him as "Head Hard Rock" and underneath the orange football on the brass base that identifies him as "The Big Jock of OSU," Andros talking about sideburns and beards and sandals without socks ("dirty, smelly, unappetizing") is a stump preacher. "It ain't neat," he says. "It ain't athletic."

Hair is an obsession shared by a great many coaches, although their positions differ.

Fundamental (Paul Dietzel, South Carolina): "No girls' haircuts. If a player comes to the table looking like a girl, he doesn't eat."

Pragmatic (Charlie Tate, Miami): "How am I going to tell my guys to get their hair cut when I go into a Coral Gables bank and there's one of my smart banker friends with sideburns and lawyers with long hair and doctors at the country club? I can't ask my boys to look like the tips of artillery shells when they have long-haired heroes like Joe Namath and Ken Harrelson. So—no wads of hair sticking out the back of the helmet and no goatees running over the chinstraps. That's it."

Scientific (Lee Corso, Louisville): "Research has shown that long heavy hair prevents the helmet from fitting properly, absorbing shock, et cetera. If these guys want to get headaches, let 'em go ahead, have lots of hair, have lots of headaches."

Sociological (Ara Parseghian, Notre Dame): "The fad started with the hippies. I saw them in Haight-Ashbury. Wearing a beard or a mustache or long hair doesn't necessarily make anyone look like the scum I saw there but it gives an empathy for a movement that certainly is the direct opposite of what we strive for in college football. College football is goal-oriented. The hippie movement is geared to shiftlessness. You won't find a lazy person on the football field. If he's there, he won't last."

So Coach Dee Andros told Linebacker Fred Milton to shave his beard and mustache. Milton said it was the off season, he didn't have to obey the rules in the off season. "Yes, Milton, you do," said Andros. "That's part of the deal."

The two had a 40-minute chat in the coach's office, and when Milton left, Andros says, "He seemed to understand what I was driving at. And he knew me well enough to realize I wasn't going to give in if I thought it would hurt the team. I never figured Milton for a militant. He never gave me any trouble. I have to think he was coerced."

Milton, however, said later that it was a racial issue, a denial of his cultural rights. He said he would not shave. Andros, who in 20 years of coaching had never had an athlete, black or white, defy his authority, said in that case Milton was off the squad.

Encouraged by the Black Students Union, the 47 Negroes on campus (total enrollment 14,500) rose in protest. They called for a boycott. Charges led to escalated charges. The chairman of the Portland chapter of the NAACP said there was an unwritten athletic policy forbidding blacks to date white coeds. The BSU claimed there was discrimination in public services and housing. Annette Green, the most eloquent BSU spokesman, said, "Corvallis is hostile to blacks." Finally, the 47 blacks staged a walkout. All 18 black athletes—six of them football players—on scholarship at the university took part.

In the days that followed, what began as fairly temperate dialogue degenerated into slander. "You heard the most outrageous lies about people," said Assistant Athletic Director Dennis Hedges. "You heard them so much you started wondering, 'Could they be true?' You know better, but you begin having doubts. Then you hear *your* name dropped with the others. It's terrible. You don't hate and you're no racist, so you try to understand. The black athletes are confused by the issues. It's tough enough for them already, thrust into an almost all-white environment the way they are. Corvallis is not Chicago. It only takes a little effort for somebody to get them to confuse discipline with discrimination."

The student senate first voted 11-9 in favor of the boycott, then reconsidered and voted against it 19-5. A petition backing the athletic department's policies was signed by 173 athletes. "The BSU," said Wingback Billy Main, a white, "is using football as a political springboard to publicize its demands." A rally for Andros drew 4,000, one against him drew 1,000. Andros got letters. "Students have to abide by rules or the country will go down. [Signed] Class of '32." And, "Don't give in to the slobs."

But if Andros had support, he also had some vigorous and scornful attackers. One Oregon State English professor countered the Andros no-beard stand with instructions to his students to wear Indian beads and feathers to his classes, and he took obvious pleasure in publicly calling Andros "a representative of the tyrannical majority."

The strongest formal opposition to Andros came from the 88-member faculty senate. A newly formed Committee on Minority Affairs said the university could not justify disparaging an "individual student's right to determine what constitutes proper social and cultural values," especially as they pertain to mode of dress and style of hair. Later the faculty "lost its nerve on this one," says Andros. "The way the resolution stood, they were giving the hippies license to walk naked at graduation."

Andros also said the faculty had missed the point. "I'm not just fighting hair on the face," he said. "I'm fighting for a principle of education — the right to run my department. If I thought it would end with a beard or a mustache, I wouldn't be so bullheaded. But if they beat you on one issue, they'll keep right on." He said he also had a duty to the coaching profession, that he couldn't "abandon the concepts of training, discipline, team unity and morale." He spoke of the lessons to be learned in the "willingness" of an individual to subordinate himself to a cause greater than himself. He said this might not sound very democratic but he wasn't trying to run a democracy, he was trying to run an athletic program.

Privately, he said the faculty senate could write resolutions until its fingers fell off, he wasn't going to have any one-sided committee overseeing his program. "They don't have the power to fire me and they sure as hell can't say anything to make me resign," he said. He had the support of his players ("my boys," he calls them) and the backing of the athletic board and something more. . . .

Just as it was clear by now that the BSU had picked on Andros for headlines (BSU President Mike Smith admitted Milton's beard was "incidental"), it was also clear that Andros knew such a thing might happen. He could have ignored the beard or softened his discipline, as many fellow coaches said he should have, but he chose to fight because he was *ready* to fight. Only days before, he had carefully covered his flanks and laid the lines for his defense.

Andros had returned from a trip East, where he had been offered the head coaching job at the University of Pittsburgh. When he got home he was greeted by a chanting mob of Oregon State students ("Please don't leave! Please don't leave!") Pittsburgh had offered more money and more fringe benefits, but Andros told Oregon State President James H. Jensen he wouldn't leave. Andros got a new five-year contract and also asked Jensen to give him a written reaffirmation of an understanding they had had when he first signed. A memorandum was drawn up stating that Andros alone would set the policies for his football team. As Bear Bryant has said, "You've got to have a contract to protect yourself in case the president loses his guts."

In the following weeks, of all the charges leveled against Andros and the school, none was documented save the directive for Milton to cut his whiskers. No athlete came forward to say that Andros interfered in social life. Andros admits he has had parents complain about his black players dating their white daughters, but he has refused to interfere. "It takes two to tango," he has said.

Eleven of the 18 black athletes are back in school at Oregon State. Two were out for spring football practice (in an average year Andros might have five). Wingback Bryce Huddleston showed up the first day with a mustache and was dismissed, but after a 90-minute conference with Athletic Director Jim Barratt, who backed Andros, Huddleston agreed to shave it off and he returned to practice. "I won't hold it against him," said Andros, "except that he will have to work up from the last team."

A few days later Andros said, "I think you'll find I've never closed my ears to my athletes. Coaches who do aren't usually around long. I think you'll find I never lie to them, I don't double-talk, I don't pussyfoot. I don't know what it is to say 'no comment.'

"When I recruit a kid I never promise him where he'll play or if he'll play. All I say is I want him to be happy to be a Beaver, and I expect him to play gladly where we think he should. I always have more fullbacks and halfbacks playing guard and tackle than anybody. I don't want prima donnas. Off that field I'm like a father image, I put my arm around 'em. We talk. But on that field I'm a dictator. I don't want kids who worry about cars and dates before they worry about winning.

"But I cut practices from two hours to an hour and a half one time because the players said the last hour was pure drudgery. We immediately had better practices and better spirit. I had a rule about wearing medallions and I took that one off. Change is always necessary. Policy is created by change. There could easily come a day when I will allow neat mustaches if it is the consensus of the team and does not distract from our purpose, but I will not do it to appease some pressure group. That is exactly the reason I haven't hired a black assistant coach. I'll hire one, but only when I believe in his ability, his worth as a coach and a man. To do otherwise is unfair to him and to everybody. That's not progress, that's extortion.

"Some people will hold all this against me," Andros continued, "and I'm sure it has hurt our recruiting of black players. We went after two good ones and never had a chance. But I've coached 20 years and was never reproached by blacks before. No one ever charged me with racism. If you're a bigot it will catch up to you and you won't win. Several black athletes have come to me and told me they sympathize with my position in this thing, but they are afraid to speak out. That's why I know this will straighten out. With all the fuss, we've never had better morale. Never. I don't expect a repeat of this episode. I have too much faith in my kids."

In May, after eight weeks of study, a student-faculty commission at Oregon State issued a report to the president of its findings on the Milton-Andros case. The committee was made up of six faculty members and four students, including one former football player, George Carr, who is the new president of the BSU at Oregon State. By the conciliatory tone of the report, it was evident that Andros had won his point.

The conclusion of the commission was that "neat mustaches" should be allowed but beards were "doubtful," and that Andros had violated Milton's rights, "but not deliberately." Andros said he would take the recommendations under advisement, but *he* would decide which to accept and which to discard. Athletic Director Barratt said he would leave the rules up to his coaches. As hot as the issues had been, Andros couldn't resist poking a little fun at himself. He said The Great Punkin went back East last March for a coaching clinic and made a stop in New York City to leave his wife and child with one of his brothers, who is a New York advertising executive. The brother met them at the airport. Since the last time Andros had seen him, he had grown a lovely Vandyke.

The football jersey bearing No. 28 is the only one ever to be retired by the University of Maryland. It was worn by Robert Richard Ward, an All-America guard under the late Jim Tatum during the vintage years (1948-51) of Maryland football. Ward played at 185 pounds. A friend remembers him as a

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man of almost fanatical determination. "You thought twice before you tried to burn Bobby Ward," he says. Ward himself says: "I have always been an aggressive person. At 185 pounds, playing guard, I had to be aggressive."

Ward had served a 15-year apprenticeship as an assistant coach at Maryland, Iowa State, Oklahoma and Army when he came back to Maryland as head coach in January 1967. His last stop had been at West Point. He loved coaching at West Point. The regimentation of the corps inspired him, the disciplined cadets on the Army team responded to his aggressiveness. At West Point coaching was fun for Bob Ward. He said when he took the Maryland job he would try to give his players "the same zest for the game I had when I played."

In his first year as head coach Maryland lost nine straight games. "It was a nightmare," Ward says. "The first Maryland team ever that did not win a game. I worked so hard I got numb. I was in the office by 6:30 every morning and some nights I wouldn't get home until after 10 and still we lost. I'm sure the boys had their confidence shattered. It didn't help mine, getting the hell kicked out of us. By the end of the season we were *all* numb."

The second season came and went with only slight improvement. Maryland won two, lost eight. Ward had done the things he thought necessary. He had been demanding, he had been aggressive, he had driven his players and he had driven himself—the same formula that made Jim Tatum, his mentor, a roaring success. But Ward had not been a success. As his troubles mounted, it was his critics who roared.

Last March, at a meeting called by Athletic Director Jim Kehoe, 120 players—some no longer on the team—and a three-man committee representing the university met with Ward and his assistants. Thirty-one of the players looked Bob Ward in the eye and told him they did not want to play for him anymore. They accused him of physical abuse and belittling them, of fear tactics, of threatening the loss of scholarships, of "a lack of communication." They questioned his technical ability.

To a man, they came to the hanging neatly dressed in coats and ties. "We're nice, clean-cut guys, we're not regular college protesters," said one, and they presented their case in an orderly fashion. "They were poised and showed dignity and deep conviction," said Kehoe.

After the meeting one player said, "I never hated anyone in my whole life the way I hate that man. I only wish they'd given us more than five minutes to speak. I have that much to say." Another said that Ward "just doesn't know football. He just screams at us. He gets so emotional on the sidelines he can't think straight."

Ward didn't defend himself. He listened to the charges and declined to answer them. He says now that he cannot recall having a worse experience. He was stunned by some of the comments, angered by others, disillusioned by the whole thing. "Don't they know what it takes to win?" he asked a friend. Two days later Ward resigned. Until now, he has kept his silence.

"There were so many things, so involved, too deep to go into, you'd need days to hear it all," he says. "I won't go into all the specifics, but it wasn't the good players who started it. It was the guys who couldn't fight their way out of a paper bag, guys who sat on the bench and couldn't take it and a couple of pip-squeak cub newspaper guys who don't know what football's all about.

"It happens. Some little sawed-off guy 5 feet 5, 135 pounds, he can't help it, God made him that way, but he can't play, so he gets on the campus newspaper and all of a sudden he's got power he never thought of having. That's what it's all about on campuses today, power, whether it's in qualified hands or not, and when boys see other boys getting it they want it, too. They just copy what the rest of the kids are doing. They're like sheep."

The student paper, the Maryland *Diamondback*, had been on Ward almost from the start because he moved all the football players into the top two floors of a dormitory named Ellicott Hall. "That meant we had to move a few of the other students out to other dormitories and the paper made a big fuss about it," Ward says. "But Maryland had a history of athletes flunking out. My thought was—and I was advised to do this by Mr. Kehoe, which is ironic, because he had a lot to do with my leaving—that putting them together might be a good thing. [Kehoe denies he had anything to do with the move.] I wanted closeness with my players, a year-round communication, which is ironic, too, in view of what was said later. And, of course, when they did rebel they were all together, right where I put them, and every night it was like a convention for the gripers.

"I cracked down on many things. I wanted them to keep their rooms presentable, to go to class. If they had an early class and weren't out of their rooms by 7:15, I went around and got 'em out. I ordered a study period from 7:30 to 9:30 every night, Sunday through Thursday. I had a coach in there. I kept a close check on their grades. The first year we had only two boys flunk out.

"After awhile I got reports of some

MARYLAND'S WARD QUIT UNDER FIRE

boys being out to 2 and 3 o'clock, getting into trouble. Not big trouble, but enough where I got calls from the campus police. The study period was being abused, too. Parents told me their boys couldn't study because of the noise. So we ordered a 12 o'clock curfew, and the boys that were in academic trouble we moved to the seventh floor. For awhile the seventh floor was restricted—nobody out after 7. We discontinued that because my assistant told me the boys got too restless. They wanted to get out a little. Go get a pizza. The boys who were doing all right were kept on the eighth floor and they could go and come as they pleased.

"I know the ones who were in trouble griped about all the restrictions, but the point is, if anybody was interested in their academic welfare it was me. I worked so hard on that I probably neglected other things.

"When we went on the field, I got pretty mean with them. Not mean, but aggressive—grab 'em, slap 'em on the helmet, that kind of thing, things if you don't know what football is all about, you can't understand. I said when I walked through that gate I was going to be the toughest man on the field. What I've heard about Bear Bryant makes me think I did things a lot like him, things I believe it takes to win. At Army, they responded. We won eight games and Tom Cahill was named the Coach of the Year. But at Maryland they didn't want to fight for it.

"A lot of guys quit or were put off the team my first year—bad apples with bad attitudes, guys who always griped. It's always the same ones who cause the problems. The same guys. I understand the guys who got into trouble are *still* getting into trouble, causing problems. One boy said I kicked him and I might have with the side of my foot, the way you do when you're in the heat of coaching and you're trying to get things done.

"The guy who was quoted more than anybody else, who I think started it all, was a second-string tackle named Bruce Olecki who didn't win a letter. Ten days before that grievance meeting we had our football banquet. Olecki didn't get a letter and I heard he was fuming about that. We'd given him one the year before, but it was a token thing. He never played much. I doubt if he'll win one this year, either. Another guy who was a spokesman for the group wasn't even on scholarship. Charles Hoffman. He only played in a few games. Some of the guys who were in that group that night hadn't been on the team for a year and a half. They'd quit or they'd been run off.

"Mr. Kehoe didn't stand up for the coaches at all. In all honesty, I don't think Mr. Kehoe knew any better, but he didn't stand up, period. When you listen to these gripes, and give the impression you maybe half-agree with them, you're encouraging it to go on and that's what happened. The whole thing was handled very poorly, *very* poorly by Mr. Kehoe. If there was a lack of communication anywhere it was between Mr. Kehoe and me. If I had to name two people who were responsible for what happened, they would have to be Bruce Olecki and Mr. Kehoe."

Kehoe—another irony—had been Ward's track coach when he was the star athlete at Maryland in the '50s. He had given Ward a "statement of confidence" when the rumblings started two weeks before the final confrontation. Asked about that afterward, Kehoe said, "I have an open mind."

Kehoe says now that he doesn't think coaches with a "rigid perspective" (like Ward) can operate in today's college environment because the kids are "so much smarter" and "more aware than they were 20 years ago."

Ward says he was made the seapegoat for a bad situation, pure and simple, and he declines to go further in his criticism. "I went to Maryland," he says. "I don't want Maryland's name to be spread around as a lousy place because it isn't. It's my school." For a long while Ward was so disturbed he said he doubted he would ever coach again, but in April he was named an assistant coach of the Ottawa Roughriders of the Canadian League.

"I'm in professional football now," he says. "I don't have to worry anymore about scholarships and keeping kids eligible and all the rest. I think I'm going to like professional football."

One obvious conclusion to be drawn from the Ward case is that the Maryland players did not relate to Ward, that they could not—or would not—accept his old-fashioned, Spartan way. At West Point it is the only way. There are other schools where football coaches have the latitude to operate in that manner—athletic dorms, tough on-field regimens, curfews, closely supervised study habits, etc. Many of them are in the South (Alabama is the prime example), and the majority of these schools swear by the system because it produces winners. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that if Ward's record had been better, the grumbles would never have been heard below the seventh floor of Ellicott Hall.

Those close to the Maryland scene say that Ward, fanatically devoted to the job, *did* go overboard, that the players had legitimate gripes. But Joe Paterno of Penn State, whose coaching methods are markedly different from Ward's, was so alarmed by Ward's dismissal that he sent a letter to the president of the American Football Coaches Association demanding an investigation.

"I don't know who's right or wrong," said Paterno, "but I think it's the proper function of the association to ask Maryland why it let Ward go. I don't think it's a good thing for a squad to fire a coach. As an association, we ought to know what happened. If a university fired an English professor because his class didn't like the way he was doing things, I know darn well that the American Association of University Professors would want to know what happened."

Events that followed indicated Paterno's concern was justified. Almost immediately there was speculation that the Maryland basketball coach was next. "If this isn't the end for Coach Frank Fellows, everybody will be surprised," wrote Bill Brill in the Roanoke *Times*. One Maryland player talked openly of the need to hire a "big-time coach." (Lefty Driesell is now the Maryland basketball coach. On July 1, Fellows became administrative assistant to the dean of the College of Physical Education.)

And within days the Atlantic Coast Conference had a second house fight on its hands—the University of Virginia basketball team tried to unload Coach Bill Gibson. "They licked their chops over the Maryland thing and decided it was their turn," said Gene Corrigan, then a member of the Virginia athletic department. "But they were sloppy about it. They tipped their hand."

Gibson wasn't fired; 106 Virginia athletes (none basketball players) petitioned on his behalf and condemned the school paper's sports editors for basing opinions "on hearsay and grumbling heard in the closets of fraternity houses." A

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rival coach, a witness for the defense, said, "Is Gibson a bad coach? He had the sixth best talent in the league. He finished sixth. His crime may be that he has not been wise in his choice of recruits. He may have given scholarships to boys who can't play in the ACC."

So, for the moment, peace returned to the Atlantic Coast Conference.

Why did Oregon State's Great Pumpkin succeed and Maryland's famed No. 28 fail? It is easy to say that the answer rests in the personalities of the men, that one was more able to cope with a difficult situation than the other. Or that one was liked and the other was not. Or that the revolt at Maryland was different from the turmoil at OSU. But none of these things gets to the heart of the matter and none of them is quite true. The cold fact, which Bob Ward knows and Dee Andros knows and every college coach in the country knows, is that Ward was faced with trouble plus two wins and 17 losses, while Andros was faced with trouble plus 26 wins, one tie, 13 losses and the two most exciting upsets of 1967. Andros stayed because his team was a winner. Ward left because his team was a loser.

As far as the coach is concerned, it almost always comes back to winning and losing. Faculties, administrations, students, athletes, they all can criticize, say the coaches, but as long as schools insist winning is necessary, we can't coach to please the pressure groups, we must coach to build the best team we can.

But that is not enough, either, in these extraordinary times and to believe so is to be fooled again and again. It is no longer so simple an equation. Winning might have saved Dee Andros' job, but it didn't save him the torment. Winning didn't help Jim Owens, either, when the lights went out at Washington. It might have saved Owens his job, but only a man of his strength would have wanted it in the end. He emerged a shaken man.

Jim Owens had been the wonder boy of West Coast football. He not only had played under Bud Wilkinson but had six years' exposure to Bear Bryant as Bryant's assistant at Kentucky and Texas A&M, and in short order his Washington teams were beating everybody. Washington went to the Rose Bowl in 1959, 1960 and 1964.

Owens began to notice a change in his athletes in 1964 or 1965, but it was not until two years ago that his program went under siege. The BSU, which is strong in Seattle, accused him of running a racist department. His trainer was charged with racist remarks. Owens was told he did not communicate. He was told he had unreasonable regulations.

Owens is a tall, handsome, intelligent man of considerable charm and presence. At 42 he may be a little less taut around the middle and his hair is grayer, but friends say the big difference in the last two years is in his demeanor. He has lost the crisp self-assurance that characterized him. But he is a man of massive will. He could have quit, gone on


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JIM OWENS BECAME 'MORE SENSITIVE' AND WASHINGTON HAD A LOSING BALL CLUB

to greater financial reward in another field. He chose to stay at Washington. "I am," he said, "a man committed to college athletics." He said he hated what had happened, "hated it more than anything, but it led to a hard look at our problems and that was good."

Owens set about putting his house in order. He allowed his trainer to "retire." He hired one of his former players, Carver Gayton, a Negro, to serve as coach and intermediary, and relinquished much of his direct authority over black football players to Gayton. Gayton soon had more to say than any four assistant coaches Bud Wilkinson or Bear Bryant ever had. Gayton spoke of a "relaxing atmosphere," of a softening of Owens' "irrational" old standbys like crew cuts and uniform street dress and the "reaming out" of guys who come late to practice. In the days when he played, said Gayton, "Coach Owens was up on a pedestal. Nowadays there is more effort to relate."

Owens says events have made him a more compassionate man. He is "more sensitive to black athletes and their problems." He is careful, even in the heat of practice, not to use terms that—no matter how innocent—might be considered inflammatory, like "thata boy," and to avoid suggesting that blacks might be malingering. He now has more black players than ever—14 on the varsity last spring. He takes pains to explain to nonstarters why they are not starting. A council of athletes considers the problems of team deportment and spirit.

But Owens lives in a glass house. His every move is catalogued. The university's Student Athletic Committee grills him on student seating and other procedural matters and on the athletic department's requests for funds. Owens is questioned about black athletes, about discrimination, about jobs.

Close friends in coaching begin any discussion of Owens with a sigh and say you don't know the trouble he has seen. As the figure of the compromised coach, however, he has made some people very happy. One Washington player rejoices that "much of the rah-rahness is gone." Grim-faced solemnity has disappeared in the locker room; players now joke, dance. "We have good morale," says Assistant Coach Gayton.

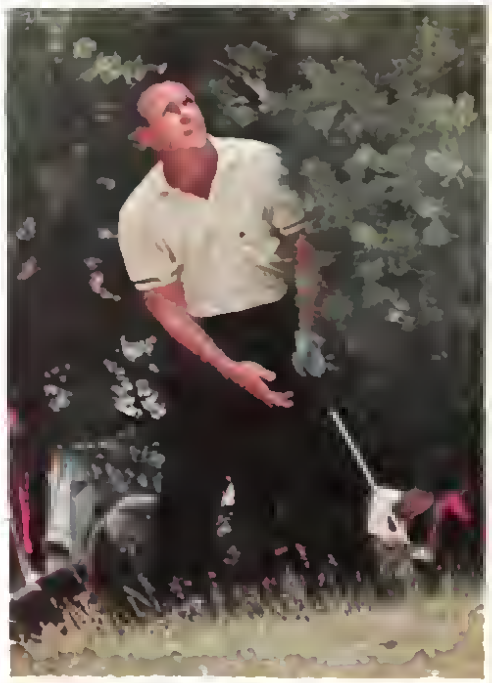
What they no longer have, it would appear, is good football. Since 1963 Washington has struggled to break even. Last year Owens, down off his pedestal, had his worst record in 10 years (3-5-2) and he resigned his post as athletic director to concentrate on upgrading Washington football. It is well within the realm of possibility, therefore, that Jim Owens will soon hear from other critics—the alumni, for example—who might just applaud his compassion even as they hunt for his successor. That, sadly, is a part of the game that never changes.

## Next Week

*Wearing his wife's wig and sunglasses, Pepper Rodgers of Kansas sang a ballad to his football team in an attempt to bridge the generation gap. Few coaches go that far, but all of them are trying to solve a common dilemma. Can you relinquish authority and still win?*

# THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES

Perhaps never again will there be a golfer with the universal appeal of Arnold Palmer. For more than a decade he has been a classic hero: bold, reckless, even foolhardy—traits that have cost him titles at times but have won him the admiration of the world. Who cares if the shot must go under a limb yet carry the pond? Go for it. Charge! On the tee he hammers at the ball the same way we do, straining to get every last yard out of it. Then he strides down the fairway, hitching at his pants, impatient to get on to the next shot. On the greens he agonizes over his putts and when they drop, his joy is unrestrained (right). Lately the moments of joy have been infrequent, and two weeks ago, after a disastrous opening round of 82 in the PGA, he withdrew from competitive golf to give his hip a rest. This month Arnold Palmer turns 40 (see cover), and so it seems appropriate to honor on the following pages this most photogenic of athletes—not to signal an end to the Age of Palmer, but to salute it.



As Palmer's popularity grew during the early '60s, so did his galleries, and a new phrase entered golf's lexicon—Arnie's Army. Its members prayed for him when he was in trouble and

rejoiced when he recovered. Nowhere was his Army more enthusiastic than at Augusta (above), and when Palmer missed the cut in 1968 (far left) it was as despondent as he.

In recent years, as Palmer's victories have become infrequent, his expression often registers his concern, but the Army has not lost faith, not even the Scottish regiment watching him at Carnoustie last year.

# 'FANCY SEEING YOU HERE'

## by Dan Jenkins

He first came to golf as a muscular young man who could not keep his shirttail in, who smoked a lot, perspired a lot and who hit the ball with all of the finesse of a dock worker lifting a crate of auto parts. Arnold Palmer did not play golf, we thought. He nailed up beams, reupholstered sofas, repaired air-conditioning units. Sure, he made birdies by the streaks in his eccentric way—driving through forests, lacing hooks around sharp corners, spewing wild slices over prodigious hills, and then, all hunched up and pigeon-toed, staring putts into the cups. But he made just as many bogeys in his stubborn way. Anyhow, a guy whose slacks are too long and turned up at the cuffs, who matches green shirts with orange sweaters and who sweats so much is *not* going to rush past the Gene Littlers, Ken Venturis and Dow Finsterwalds to fill the hero gap created by the further graying and balding of Ben Hogan and Sam Snead. This is what most of us believed about 10 years ago, even after Palmer had won his first Masters, even after he had begun to drown everyone in money winnings. *This* was a stylish new godlet of the fairways, a guy out of Latrobe Dry Goods?

We were, of course, as wrong about him as the break on a downhill six-footer, as wrong as his method seemed to us to be wrong, hit it hard, go find it, hit it hard again. Then, one day, the bogeys suddenly went away, and Palmer became a winner like none we had ever known. He was a *nice* guy, of all things. He was honestly and naturally gracious, untemperamental, talkative, helpful and advising, unselfish of his time, marvelously good-humored; he had a special feeling for golf's history and he was honored by its traditions; and with all of this he remained the gut fighter we insisted he be, a man so willing to accept the agonies of pressure and the burdens of fame that for a few years we absolutely forgot that anyone else played the game he was dominating and changing.

He actually started *being* Arnold Palmer nine years ago this summer, a stupidly short time it seems. He became the Arnie of whoo-ha, go-get-'em Arnie on a searingly hot afternoon in Denver when, during the last round of the 1960 U.S. Open, he exploded from seven strokes and 14 players behind to win. Much has been written of how it was that day, of the epic 65 he shot, of the day that really made him, but not by anyone who had lunched with him, kidded him and then happily marched inside the ropes with him, scurrying after Cokes and furnishing cigarettes.

During lunch in a quiet corner of the Cherry Hills locker room before that round, Arnold talked of no one else who might win. All he was concerned about was Cherry Hills' first hole, a short par-4. It bugged him. He thought he could drive the green, but in the three previous rounds he had not done it.

"It really makes me hot," he said. "A man ought to drive that green."

"Why not?" I said. "It's only 346 yards through a ditch and a lot of high grass."

"If I drive that green I might shoot a hell of a score," he said. "I might even shoot a 65. What'll that bring?"

"About seventh place. You're too far back."

"That would be 280," Arnold said. "Doesn't 280 always win the Open?"

"Yeah, when Hogan shoots it," I said.

Arnold laughed and walked out to the tee.

For a while I loitered around the clubhouse waiting for the leaders to go out, as a good journalist should, but then I overheard a couple of fans talking about an amazing thing they had seen. Palmer had driven the first green. Just killed a low one that hung up there straight and then burned its way through the USGA trash and onto the putting surface. Got a two-putt birdie. I walked out on the veranda in time to catch a pretty good roar from down on the course. "Palmer's three under through three," said a man, sprinting by.

Like him and a few thousand others who got the same notion at the same time, I tried to break all records for the Cherry Hills Clubhouse-to-Fourth Fairway Dash. We got there just in time to see Arnold hole his fourth straight birdie. I staggered over to the fifth tee, ducked under the ropes as an armband permitted and stood there drenched, panting but excited like everybody else in the crowd.

Palmer came in briskly, squinted down the fairway and walked over. He took a Coke out of my hand, the cigarettes out of my shirt pocket and broke into a smile.

"Fancy seeing you here," he said. "Who's winning the Open?"

He birdied two more holes through the seventh to go six under, working on an incorrigible 29 out. But he bogeyed the eighth and had to settle for a 30. Even so, the challengers were falling all around him like wounded soldiers, and their crowds were bolting toward him, and the title would be his. Everything would be his now.

Later on, somewhere on the back nine, I remember sizing up a leader board with him and saying, "You've got it. They're all dying."

"Aw, maybe," he said, quietly. "But damn it, I wanted that 29."

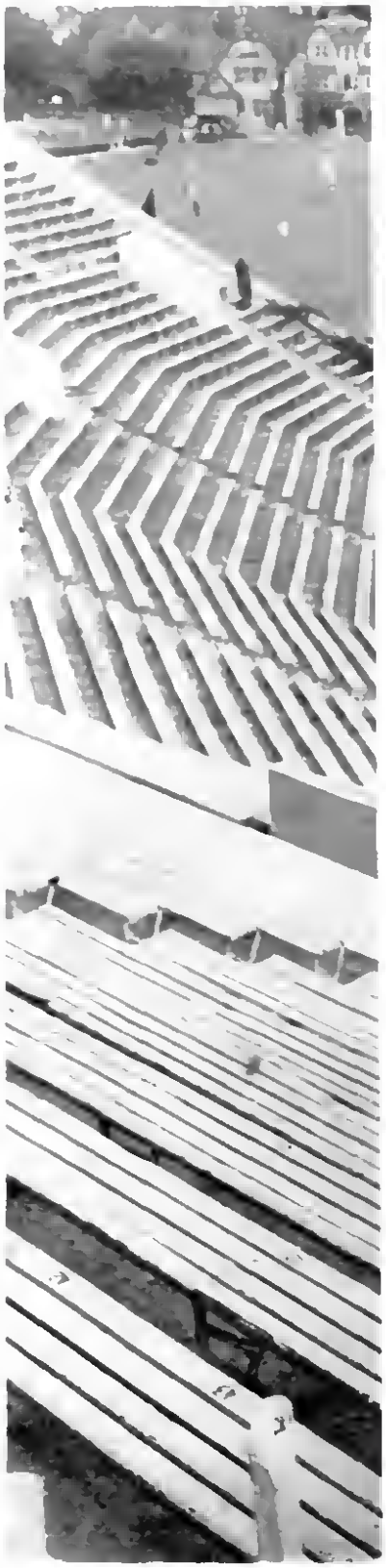
There have been other major victories, as we know, and scores of lesser ones, and precisely because of him the tour has tripled, quadrupled in money. He has become, they say, something more than life-size, something immeasurable in champions, even though he is turning 40, the hip hurts, and the big ones are slipping away. If this is true, it is not because of what he has won but rather because of the pure, unmixed joy he brought to trying.

Hell, Arnold. Lately, you've even given a nobility to losing. So for all of us in the Army, I say happy 40th and thanks for those 1960s. **END**

Now, plagued by a hip ailment and short putts that fail to drop, Palmer has dropped off the tour to rest and ponder his future.

# LIVING DANGEROUSLY AT FOREST HILLS

**Owan Williams, who glories in risk, has been imported from South Africa to rescue the U.S. Open from another disaster** ***by KIM CHAPIN***



The future of American tennis—Open tennis, anyway—may very well depend on the care with which Owen Williams shaves. Williams is a 6' 4", 200-pound 37-year-old South African who is the tournament director for the U.S. Open championships, which began this week in Forest Hills. He also is a Christmas factor hemophiliac—a condition that does not deter him from hacking off his whiskers with a blade razor. Admonished for this reckless approach to life, Williams says, "Ah, well, live hard and die young and make a pretty corpse."

Although he is not in physical danger at the West Side Tennis Club, Williams' predilection for a high-risk life was put to the test when he agreed to run the Open. A former run-of-the-mill tournament player, Williams has made news in other ways. At 19 he worked his way from Johannesburg to Wimbledon peeling potatoes on a South African mail ship—and wound up on the front pages of nine British newspapers. He dated Elizabeth Taylor (*National Velvet* version), sold a tennis racket to Anthony Quinn, frequented Somerset Maugham's French Riviera villa, was friendly with Aly Khan until Aly went after one of his girl friends, was rolled in an Istanbul nightclub and thrown into a Barcelona jail. Still, he managed to reach the quarterfinals of the Wimbledon doubles in 1954 and that same year was the seventh foreign seed at Forest Hills. In 1959, however, when he was 27, he decided he was never going to be a winner (Jack Kramer told him his size-12 feet, among other things, would prohibit that), and rather than become a permanent tennis bum he turned to business and tennis promoting.

His first South African venture was beating the drum for Kramer's professional tennis circus in 1959, but, because Williams was not well versed in South African tax laws, the tour was a disaster. Two years later, however, the pros were a success there, and they have been every year since. In 1966 Williams took charge of the South African national amateur championships in Johannesburg, more on a dare than anything else. The year before, the tournament had attracted only 4,500 people in 12 days and had lost $500, but with Williams running things the tournament drew 62,000 people and grossed $100,000. And this in a city of less than 2 million. In addition, during the past 10 years he has established a personal financial empire that includes Scotch, chocolate liqueur and champagne distributorships, a sporting-goods firm, a small publishing company and a promotions outfit. In tennis circles—worldwide—Williams is regarded with awe as a blend of Pete Rozelle and Florenz Ziegfeld.

Williams' hemophilia nearly cost him his life four years ago when he was hit on his left wrist while playing cricket at the opening of a Johannesburg country

club. He thought nothing of the injury and hopped a plane for Capetown, 800 miles away. When he got off the plane his wrist was already badly swollen. Wisely, he went to a doctor, who told him to be careful and check back a few hours later. Unwisely, Owen forgot about it. "Around 1 or 2 in the morning I was on the dance floor of some nightclub with a buxomy broad," says Owen, "and I felt this tapping on my shoulder." It was the doctor, still dressed in work white, who, when Williams hadn't checked back, had for five hours made the rounds of Capetown clubs looking for him.

"Owen, you're a bloody fool," he said. "Look at your arm."

By now the hemorrhaging had increased so much that Owen couldn't get his suit coat off. The doctor bundled him into a car, drove him to the emergency ward of Capetown's Groote Schuur Hospital (the heart-transplant place) and ripped off his coat with a pair of scissors. For the next day it was touch and go whether Williams would lose his arm, and maybe his life.

Williams prefers to shrug off his handicap. "If I'm in a bad auto accident and can't get to a hospital quickly, I'm through," he says. "I used to wear a medallion around my neck that identified me as a hemophiliac, but I took the bloody thing off a long time ago. It interfered with my clothing, my tennis and my making love."

This is precisely the attitude you need if you are in charge of what is supposed to be, next to Wimbledon, the most important tennis championships in the world. Supposed to be. Better a snake pit. Last year's U.S. Open, it can be said, was at once sad, funny and disgraceful.

In fairness, what happened in 1968 was in many ways nothing more than the culmination of the sins of previous years, even decades, and was the result of the chaotic state in which tennis finds itself as it makes the awkward transition from an amateur and amateurish sport to a (hopefully) professional entertainment. The two touring professional groups, Lamar Hunt's World Championship Tennis and Tennis Champions, Inc. (formerly the National Tennis League), run by George MacCall and Fred Podesta, want nothing but the worst for one another and as an entry hate the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, which

*continued*

presumes to run the game in this country. The USLTA is governed by committee, and is factionalized and fractionalized, mainly into anti-professional and pro-professional groups. The association cries out for leadership, but when strong personalities do emerge from the debris, such as the immediate past president Bob Kelleher and current president Alastair Martin, they are all too often reduced to ineffective power brokers for the 42-man executive committee. From this sad group emerges the Forest Hills tournament committee.

USLTA Executive Secretary Bob Malaga, in charge of procuring nonprofessional foreign talent for the 1968 championships, turned up just one European male, Holland's Tom Okker. (The handful of others who did play came in spite of Malaga, and one former champion, Manuel Santana, flatly refused to play because, he claimed, Malaga insulted him.) The No. 1-seeded player, Australia's Rod Laver, did not play his first-round match until the fourth day of the championships, although a cardinal rule for any tournament referee is to protect seeded players and make sure they play their early-round matches as quickly as possible. The men's singles draw was rigged so that the touring professionals could not meet each other in the first or second rounds in order to protect their guarantees. Most blatant of all, although play was rained out for just one day, the tournament was completed 48 hours late.

Enter the West Side Tennis Club, the tournament host. The Forest Hills stadium is the only large-capacity outdoor tennis facility in the country. It was built in 1923 and, until this year, it had not been improved. Rust streaks mar the crumbling cement pillars, the seats are uncomfortable, refreshments are low-grade and, for the 14,000 people who occasionally show up for a day's play, there are just two rest rooms. There is little atmosphere, less class. A West Side member explained, "Twenty or 30 years ago all the players used to be put up in homes around here, but now only a few stay. I don't really blame the fans or the players for not liking the place." And to top everything last year, players' subway directions to Forest Hills from Manhattan, 20 minutes away, were incorrect.

The West Side club itself is divided into three distinct groups. The first is very concerned about the championships and works extremely hard to make them a success. The second couldn't care less one way or the other. The third doesn't like the idea of all those people scruffing about on the West Side lawns, and as a supreme insult, during last year's final match between Okker and Arthur Ashe, these members held their own games on the club's field courts.

Promotion and publicity last year was handled by the Madison Square Garden Attractions, Inc. Its main contribution to the chaos was to inflate the daily attendance figures. The Garden announced 97,000 for the entire championships, but the actual paid attendance for the 12 days was only 62,000, or about one-fifth the figure for Wimbledon's fortnight. In all, the Garden was merely the third horse of an unbelievable troika galloping pell-mell to oblivion and dragging the Open championships shamefully behind it. No wonder that in January of this year there was public doubt whether there would even be a 1969 Open, let alone at Forest Hills.

It would be nice to report that at this particular juncture the USLTA, the West Side club and the Garden sat down and said, "Gee, gang. We really blew it. Let's make amends and do a real bang-up job in '69." Unfortunately, that isn't exactly what happened. If this year's Open is a success, it will be due in large measure to Gladys Heldman, whose acerbic editorials in her magazine, *World Tennis*, have been deflating the tennis Establishment ever since Volume 1, No. 1 in June 1953 and who has been behind most of the advances American tennis has made in the past 16 years. Seven years ago Mrs. Heldman got Joseph Cullman III, now chairman of the board of Philip Morris, reinterested in tennis (he had played at Hotchkiss and Yale, but that had been nearly 30 years earlier). Shortly after that Australian Roy Emerson, who has won 12 Big Four singles titles in his career, was a house guest of the Cullmans, and shortly after *that*, Emerson was on the Philip Morris payroll. Manuel Santana, the late Rafael Osuna and Arthur Ashe soon followed, and last year Philip Morris picked up the tab for televising the Open. Of a sudden, Cullman, wealthy and a tennis nut, had become a *nouveau riche* tennis Establishmentarian.

In January, during the period of crisis for the current tournament, Cullman was asked by Dan Johnson, last year's Open referee (and an emissary for the then-incoming USLTA president, Alastair Martin), whether he would take over as Open chairman. Cullman hemmed and hawed—for about 10 seconds—and agreed, provided he could run the tournament the way he wanted to and provided he could seek out Owen Williams

MIKE GIBSON (LEFT) AND JOE CULLMAN HELP TO GIVE FOREST HILLS A FRESH LOOK

as his tournament director Martin, with that huge executive committee and a score of lesser committees staring him in the face, closed his eyes, gulped and bravely said, "Yes."

Thus, in the midst of an African safari last winter, Joe Cullman spent four days with Williams in Johannesburg. "After seeing me drink a bottle and smoke 20 cigars a day, run four or five businesses and hold a sit-down dinner for 150 people, I guess Joe decided I could do the job," Williams said.

Soon after, at a secret meeting with USLTA officials in New York—he flew 20 hours to New York, stayed 20 hours in New York and flew 20 hours back to Johannesburg, via London ("I've got a wonderful tailor there") Williams was officially confirmed. Owen's first objective was to secure the services of Mike Gibson, the dapper Englishman who is the tournament referee for Wimbledon, a job he inherited from his father-in-law in 1963 and performs admirably. Again, by way of contrast with Forest Hills, in 1968 it rained during Wimbledon's first five days, but under Gibson's direction the tournament finished on time. He is a perfect complement to Williams. "My present occupation of refereeing," he said, "allows me plenty of time for fox hunting in winter."

Williams arrived in New York on April 27, the first full-time tournament director in Forest Hills history, and with his reputation clearly on the line. "If he doesn't succeed," said Bob Briner, who runs World Championship Tennis for Lamar Hunt, "he'll have to slink back to Johannesburg with his tail between his legs."

April 27 was a Sunday. At 7:45 a.m. on the 28th Cullman picked up Williams at his suite in New York's Westbury Hotel, sequestered him in a Philip Morris executive office and said, "You've got 15 minutes to settle in, then we'll go to work."

At that point Williams' staff consisted of Williams. He quickly recruited his wife Jenifer, and now, with the championships under way, he has a more or less full-time staff of 14, plus a volunteer force of 150.

"There is no magic formula, no black box you can push to make a tournament successful," Williams said. "It's largely a matter of hard work and attention to detail. As I understand it, there were two basic problems at Forest Hills. The first was a lack of organization." Williams took care of that by quickly establishing a benevolent dictatorship, and as such he is able to give quick and irrevocable decisions on everything from the problems of the West Side club's sundeck committee to the touchy question of seedings.

"The second problem," Williams continued, "was—is—the matter of facilities. Mike Gibson took one look at the place and said, 'My God. I can't believe it.' Forest Hills is simply a disgrace to the American public. The U.S. Open championships represent American tennis. Period. If they are successful, it does more for the game than a dozen million-dollar promotional gimmicks."

Williams first concentrated his energies on the creation of the U.S. Open Club, a recently finished private club beneath the stadium available to a limited membership for a stiff but not unreasonable fee. It has one-way glass looking out onto the Stadium courts and will serve lunch and dinner. The Open Club was just a beginning. Box seats have been increased from 426 to 816, creature comforts—such as rest rooms—are being added, a $167,000 electric scoreboard, courtesy of Philip Morris, is ready, and there is even some wild talk that part of the Open gate receipts will be plowed back into the Forest Hills facilities, a basic consideration which for unknown reasons hasn't been seriously considered before. Cullman has arranged for a five-year television contract with CBS at $100,000 per year, or twice the 1968 figure. A consolation tournament using the latest version of the James Van Alen Simplified Scoring System will be held and will be worth $12,000 (courtesy of Van Alen), raising the total tournament prize money to $137,000, and it is rumored West Side members will even watch the matches. Charlie Tucker, West Side president, said, "I'll probably have my head handed to me on a silver platter, but I don't believe members should be allowed to play after 12 noon [the tournament's daily starting time]."

And, most important, advance sales for the tournament at one stage in early August were running nearly three times ahead of last year's comparable figures, thanks to frequent stiff-arming of New York-area corporations, some of whom probably don't know Rod Laver from David Rockefeller, and a dozen promotion efforts involving everybody from United Nations Secretary General U Thant to Tennis Fashion Designer Teddy Tinling.

Still, there are problems. The first object of any promoter is to fill the house, and the cheapest ticket at Forest Hills, for a student 18 years old or younger, is $2, or about twice what it should be. For a variety of reasons, there is no large tennis audience in the New York area, despite its tremendous population, such as there is, for example, in England (and, thanks to Williams, South Africa). At Williams' first press conference last May he indicated his tournament attendance goal was 300,000. Now, nearly four months later, he says he will be satisfied with half that.

Second, there is a small but significant faction within the USLTA and the West Side club that would dearly love to see Williams, and pro tennis, crash and burn. For the moment this group is quiet, thanks in a large part to Alastair Martin, but if the tournament is not a reasonable success the gloating from within will start shortly after the last ball is struck on Sept. 7.

Third, Williams is a white South African, and a rich one as well. His politics, liberal in South African terms, are slightly to the right in the American spectrum. This does not, for instance, bother Arthur Ashe, a Negro, but it does bother one Mark Jones of Chicago, an associate judge of the Cook County Circuit Court and a minor member of a minor USLTA committee. Shortly after Williams' appointment, Jones fired off a stinging letter to Cullman that said, in part, "I've noted, with concern and distress . . . your selection of Owen Williams to be Tournament Director for this year's U.S. Open Tennis Tournament. . . ."

Cullman answered Jones, in part, "My objective in obtaining the services of Owen Williams as Tournament Director was to get the most competent tennis promoter in the world. Owen Williams is that."

So things have not been easy for Williams, which is just fine with him. "I happen to think I'm good enough to get the job done," Williams says. "The only regret I have is that this whole thing has interfered with my social life." END

# A new slant on an old game in Atlanta

**Under Van Brocklin, the Falcons have spirit and some black hopes**

Norm Van Brocklin said, "Well, I'm glad Pete Rozelle is going to let us on the field with St. Vincent and his boys," and then the Washington Redskins beat Atlanta Saturday night 24–7, with Sonny Jurgensen throwing two touchdown passes, ending the Falcons' preseason winning streak at two and leading observers to wonder if the South's first 500-or-over professional football team were slouching toward Georgia to be born, after all. But there is more to the story than that.

In the 1950s and early '60s the city of Atlanta must have been in a state of grace. Somehow it seemed to be Southern, urban and yet not hung up. While other cities in the region were stagnating and putting their best police dogs forward, Atlanta won a reputation for progressiveness, efficiency, moderation and even gentility in race relations and municipal affairs.

But that was not such a neat trick, compared to what Atlantans became used to in the way of football during that period. Under Coach Bobby Dodd, Georgia Tech football seemed to be casual and yet firmly principled. Dodd's training regimen was notoriously lax, but he dropped star Halfback Billy Teas from the squad for breaking training when Teas was one yard short of the school's career rushing record. Tech was clean-living. "If you send a good boy to Tech," Dodd said, "we'll send you a good boy back home." Tech was clean-playing. Dodd righteously canceled Tech's series with Alabama after Bear Bryant's Darwin Holt gratuitously bashed in the face of Tech's Chick Graning. Tech football had room for diverting unorthodoxy. Dodd loved inelegant, improvising quarterbacks like Pepper Rodgers and Billy Lothridge. And it was on a human scale. Tech always had a tiny halfback and an All-America center who was no more than good-sized. And yet it was fine football. Dodd teams won six straight Bowl games between 1952 and 1957.

People in Atlanta would chuckle and call Tech and Dodd lucky and opportunistic, but they were inclined to believe it was a spiritual thing—not entirely facetiously did people say, "In Dodd We Trust." There was something almost ethnic about it. An Atlanta boy who listened on the radio to Tech coming from behind again and again by some quirk of fate or character to beat a favored and heavier opponent was likely to become confirmed in a particular sort of white Southern American dream.

Mystiques do not last forever, though. As far as Atlanta goes, business is still booming, but it has become clear that not everyone in town is "too busy to hate." The umbrella organization, which was to assure Atlanta of culture on all fronts, has folded and nowadays the most notable cultural development is the *Great Speckled Bird*, an underground newspaper that is at such odds with the going order that its personnel keep getting arrested for one thing and another. A new solicitor general recently had an Andy Warhol movie seized, the projectionist arrested (in lieu of Warhol himself) and, for good measure and future reference, the audience photographed. The successor to the esteemed, peace-keeping Mayor Ivan Allen Jr. may well be an elderly alderman whose primary pledge is to wipe hippies and dirty movies off the face of the city.

Furthermore, the biggest football

COURTLY DODD EPITOMIZED OLD SOUTH

game in town is no longer the Tech Yellow Jackets, who are barely competent and less distinctive under Coach Bud Carson, but the professional Falcons, who have so far been nearly awful. Tech football at its best was the flowering of fantastic local virtues. Professional football is a heavy industry, and Atlanta has been hard pressed to gear up for it.

The fans were ready in 1966, when the Falcons were founded and went 3-11, a record they have not matched. The folks in Atlanta had television, they had seen pro football and they were willing to pay to see it in person. They have bought over 40,000 season tickets every year so far, and although the average home attendance was down to around 51,000 last year from around 56,000 in '66, it is still healthy and the Redskins game Saturday was a sellout (56,990). "The people here will come out to see a winner," says Falcons Owner Rankin Smith. "I think they'll give us another couple of years to start winning."

Presumably, Atlanta could have satisfied those fans right away had it picked

up an established pro football team the way it picked up the Braves in baseball and the Hawks in basketball. But it is somehow more fitting that football, which was already big time in Atlanta on the college level, has had to be assimilated slowly as a professional sport, as though the grooves had already been worn and needed retooling.

Consider the situation from the viewpoint of the aforementioned Atlanta boy who learned about winning football from broadcasts of the charmed Yellow Jackets. That boy is having to get used to a drastically new kind of coach, for one thing. Norb Hecker, the Falcons' head coach from their first game in '66 through their third in '68, was skillful but perhaps not sufficiently superhuman or Lombardi-like. He never got a galvanizing hold on his players and he blew the entire 1967 draft—not a single one of Atlanta's choices that year is still a Falcon or was ever a Falcon of value. Hecker's replacement, Van Brocklin, has said he wants to be the best coach in pro football, which presumably means better than St. Vincent. No Southern gentleman but a brusque Dutchman, Van Brocklin fired all his inherited assistant coaches last year after tacking a 2-9 record onto Hecker's 0-3. Since taking over he has also traded or waived 13 starting players, some of them good ones. This summer, in his first preseason camp with the Falcons, Van Brocklin has been tough and equitable and unusually suspicious (he has the Falcons lock up their playbooks when not using them). Concerning the remarkable number of intrasquad fistfights, he has said "good spirit." Van Brocklin's first head coaching job was with an earlier expansion club, the Minnesota Vikings, whom he commanded from their inception and led to an 8-5-1 record in their fourth year. This is the Falcons' fourth year, and they would like to beat the New Orleans Saints and the Miami Dolphins to the distinction of being the first Southern team to have a winning season. However, Van Brocklin's effect on the local press and on the fans of the fired players has been so abrasive that even if his toughness does put the Falcons pretty close to the Vikings' schedule of development, he may prove to be too hard for Atlanta to absorb.

Another new influence the Falcons have brought to Atlanta is represented most notably by their 6′ 5″, 244-pound defensive end and last year's NFL Defensive Rookie of the Year, Claude Humphrey of Tennessee State. Humphrey wants to be the next Deacon Jones or Willie Davis. With the possible exception of the Falcons' one established star, Linebacker Tommy Nobis, he has been the leading pugilist in camp this summer. In the dressing room he seems affable enough, but there is no doubt what mode he belongs to on the field. He is one big, bad man—and one of the most lustily cheered players. Last year Humphrey tackled Virgil Carter of the Bears and told him, "I'm going to be Rookie of the Year, not you." Humphrey also informed Johnny Unitas that he was going to run him out of the league. This year Van Brocklin has told him to shut up on the field. Also solid with the Atlanta fans are other black standouts such as Running Backs Jim (Cannonball) Butler and Junior Coffey and Defensive Tackle Carlton Dabney. It has only been 14 years since a great furor was raised over the idea of Georgia Tech playing in the Sugar Bowl against a team with a Negro player, and Southern Negro football stars almost never play in the SEC. But white Falcon fans, aside from those who once gave the term "Falcoons" a certain low currency, have been eagerly receptive to the black speedsters and crunchers.

But if pro football has in some sense broadened Atlanta racially, it has also raised a troublesome quarterback question. It happens that there is a Dodd-type quarterback living and working in Atlanta in the off season: Fran Tarkenton, who starred at the University of Georgia. But even if the New York Giants could be persuaded to give Tarkenton up, Van Brocklin wouldn't be in the market for him. Van Brocklin had Tarkenton at Minnesota and didn't like him. he abhors scrambling, prefers classic drop-back passers such as he was himself in his illustrious playing days. In 1966, when the two were still coexisting at Minnesota, Van Brocklin astoundingly benched Tarkenton against the Falcons and put in Bob Berry, an alumnus of Van Brocklin's alma mater (Oregon) and a cocky, orthodox quarterback in Van Brocklin's mold—only not nearly so good, as the Falcons would seem to have established by edging the Vikings that day 20–14. Tarkenton subsequently demanded to be traded, and Van Brocklin soon quit the Vikings himself.

NORM VAN BROCKLIN COACHES TOUGH

Now the Dutchman is in charge of a team with two potential starting quarterbacks—Berry and Randy Johnson, who has been with the Falcons since their first game in 1966. Atlanta beat Philadelphia 13-7 behind Berry in its first exhibition game this summer, then won a laugher for the first time in its history, 34–16 over the Boston Patriots, with Johnson running the team. Against the Redskins, Johnson was intercepted twice and fumbled the ball away and Berry took over, throwing a touchdown pass to Jerry Simmons. It now looks like Berry will start and that Atlanta needs a better quarterback.

But unlike the *Great Speckled Bird*, the Falcons are however slightly—aboveground and Establishment, if not established, and if they can win some, Atlantans will doubtless forget all about the innocent old days when Dodd set the tone. **END**

# Just call him the Man with the Golden Aim

So much for Robin Hood, William Tell, Geronimo and those guys. The storied romance of the bow and arrow is one thing, but when all the best archers assembled to shoot it out for the world title recently a lot of the glamour was gone and it turned out to be the sort of grimly serious contest that could shake the steadiest hand. A field of 155 archers from 26 countries came to Pennsylvania seeking the championship, and when it was all over, the winner—who had the sorest fingers in all sport—probably felt more like a survivor.

After four days of shooting, the new champion turned out to be tousled, handsome Hardy Ward (SI, Aug. 11), a 19-year-old Texan who has been at it since he was 12—and who *now is* the youngest ever to win the world target title.

The pressures started right away at Valley Forge State Park. shooters had to average 8½ points on each of 288 arrows. From the center of the target outward (archers never, but never, say bull's-eye), the rings are gold, red, blue, black and white with scoring values ranging from 10 points down to one. On the first and third days of the contest, archers must shoot 36 arrows each from 90 and 70 meters, and on the second and final days, 36 arrows from 50 and 30 meters.

Ward packed his $250 bow and selected arrows and rode 1,450 miles from Mt. Pleasant, Texas to take on the world, bringing along a small cheering section that included his dad, one sister and one girl friend. First he pointed out he would rather not hear any of that old comedy routine about being a "straight arrow," please. The allusion was incorrect anyway, he said, since an arrow is shot at roughly 125 mph and is anything but straight—it bends two or three times before it hits home. All a matter of aerodynamics or—if one would permit the term—arrow dynamics. And with that, he settled down to work.

This world championship may have proved that archery is now a sport for the youngest and strongest. It also proved, as in many sports, that Americans tend to lead the field because they have the best, most modern equipment. Even though archery started in the old world, it is hard to beat the science of the new. From the start, Ward's toughest competition did not come from defending titlist Ray Rogers, 32, of Muskogee, Okla., or 1967 runner-up Ian Dixon of England, also in his 30s. Surprisingly, neither was in serious contention at Valley Forge. But close behind Ward from the beginning was John Williams, a gangly 15-year-old 145-pounder from Cranesville, Pa. Midway into the tournament, Ward had shot 1,220 points—breaking his own single round-world championship mark by 41 points—and discovered that he was leading Williams by only 15 points.

That sort of thing is enough to unnerve the calmest archer, but Ward claims never to suffer from nerves. What does bother him is the agony of three aching, swollen fingers on his right hand that pull the bowstring. Ward holds the string taut longer than anyone else in the game, until he is sure of his aim, and he is always a picture of concentrated agony.

On the third day Ward and Williams exchanged the lead four times until, finally, Ward managed a slim six-point edge after a dazzling display of shooting seven golds in nine attempts. It set the stage

SORE-HANDED BUT SUCCESSFUL, CHAMPION HARDY WARD WON BY THREE POINTS

for a final-day confrontation. With just 15 arrows to go, Williams tied up the score. And then, with nine shots left, he took over a two-point lead

The closing moments, with 3,000 spectators standing by quietly, were dramatic. Ward settled down and shot five golds in six attempts. It put him out front again by three points, with just three arrows to go. Next to last arrow, he drew back, steadied—and released it too soon. The crowd groaned in sympathy, and everybody checked the score. A seven. Then Williams stepped up, getting a 10 on his last shot. It put Ward in the uncomfortable position of needing at least an eight to become the world champion. He drew back and fired: a perfect 10-point gold. Final score was 2,423 to 2,420

It was not until two days later that Harry Gilcrest, leader of the American team, revealed that Ward's win was even closer than the score had indicated. "On Ward's fourth arrow from the end," said Gilcrest, "the judge was getting ready to raise the red flag [indicating that Ward had taken longer than the allotted 2½ minutes to shoot three arrows]. He had been warned twice about taking too long, and it was awfully close."

Ward agreed. "I kept an eye on the judge," he said, "and one eye on the target, because I knew they were watching me. I was within the limit on the shot, though—because I was at full draw when I glanced at the judge and saw him start to lift the flag. My aching fingers were screaming for me to let go, but my mind told me to hold on before I shot."

With the women archers, Canada's Dorothy Lidstone won the title. The American men won in team play, of course, and the women's team championship went to Russia. When it was all over, everyone seemed agreed on one thing: it had been one of the tougher world tourneys. The humidity and heat were enough to stagger the entire field, and many of the spectators occasionally retreated to their parked cars, engines running and air conditioners turned on.

And what do visiting archers do to relax between rounds? They watch American television in their motel rooms, of course. And what do archers watch? Well, the Mongolians spent a great deal of time clicking the dials to find good, old cowboy movies. With reason. They wanted, one of them explained soberly, to root for the Indians. END

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# *Davis Cup? Oh, get Stan Smith to take care of that chore*

**Known primarily as a doubles man, California's 22-year-old Smith won the national singles title in Boston last week to make it clear that at the moment there is no better player in the country**

A characteristic of Stan Smith, who last week beat his doubles partner Bob Lutz to win the USLTA men's singles title, is that he is courteous and helpful to everybody. He still indulges in that passé form of sportsmanship—giving away points when he thinks an official has ruled mistakenly against an opponent. And last January, during the Davis Cup team's audience with Creighton Abrams in Saigon, Smith sought to lighten the commanding general's burden with: "If you need an assistant around here, sir, I'll be available in a few months when I'm drafted."

The commanding officer he will help most, however, is Donald Dell, captain of the U.S. Davis Cup team whose opposition does not quite rank with Abrams'. Dell has only Rumania to cope with in the Challenge Round next month in Cleveland, and it appears that Smith can handle the mission practically alone, needing only Lutz along to man half of the doubles court.

Dell strode about Longwood Cricket Club in Boston last week looking as smug as a man who had rigged a tournament. Indeed the draw for the championships narrowed down just as he would have arranged it, becoming a lodge meeting with four of his five men—ex-champ Arthur Ashe, Smith, Lutz and Charlie Pasarell—in the semifinals. Pasarell had beaten 1968 cup regular Clark Graebner in five sets to get there. Thus the tournament developed into the best of all possible family brawls in helping Dell pick his lineup for Rumania.

At a team meeting early in the week Dell told his players, "This tournament may mean more than Forest Hills [the U.S. Open] in making up my mind. There aren't any contract pros here [Laver, Newcombe *et al.*] and we'll probably have quite a few head-to-head battles. The team could pick itself right here."

Although he has had no more schooling than Yale and Virginia law, Dell is quick enough to know that five won't go into two. He has five applicants for two singles jobs, and Smith, based on his victory, now becomes almost a certainty.

"I think there's only one place open now," sighed Ashe disconsolately Saturday when he became a former champion by losing his five-set semifinal to Lutz, whom he beat on the same court in the title match a year ago. "Smith has to play singles and doubles now and the scramble for the other spot is between Lutz, Graebner, Pasarell and me."

He's right, although it hardly seems likely that Dell would leave Ashe out. They are extremely close and Dell, an attorney, has been aiding Arthur in various business negotiations. "As a friend, not as an agent," answers Dell quickly to the charge of conflict of interest made by several USLTA officials.

"It sure would feel funny if I were in the stands cheering," Ashe continued, "but, the way I'm playing, it could happen. Still, it's awhile away till Cleveland. Those are the three most important days of the year to me—September 19-20-21. If I can just get it together for Forest Hills I'll be all right. But the whip has gone out of my serve. I have to find it again."

Ashe needs to win a tournament, to rediscover the feeling and juice up his confidence. Troubled by an elbow injury, he is no longer the player he was. Over the 12 months since the last Forest Hills he has won only three tournaments—one in Las Vegas, a state title in Australia and the Caribe Hilton in San Juan. Nothing significant.

A full-house crowd of 5,000 stood to applaud Ashe and Lutz following their enthralling 3½-hour match, feeling as much remorse for Arthur as joy for Lutz. Many of these customers had watched the 1968 final when Ashe came back from 1-2 in sets to become the first American winner in 13 years. Lutz had him down 1-2 again, and again Arthur slipped off the hook in the fourth set with wondrous backhands—nine of them for winners in one crucial deuce game. But this year he didn't have the finishing power.

Nobody in the place, including Ashe, Lutz and Dell, believed that Arthur would fail in the fifth set. "He's always played so damn well when he had to against me," said Lutz, who had never beaten Ashe. "I thought I had him other times—but he got away. This will do a lot for me, realizing I can do it."

"I've done a lot for a lot of guys this year," said Ashe, smiling faintly, "and that will make it harder for me, picking up their confidence."

Meanwhile, on the court next door, Smith should have lost to Charlie Pasarell. Pasarell got as close to victory as two points, serving for the match at 9-8 in the fifth. He had won the first two sets and was playing his finest tennis in two years.

Smith, marvelously fit, remarkably agile at 6'4" and 181 pounds, kept pushing. He charged the net incessantly and backpedaled surely to catch up with Pasarell's lobs, even knocked down enclosure fences to reach his angled volleys. Finally with a zinging forehand crosscourt Smith broke through on a fifth match point against Pasarell's serve to take it 15-13 in the fifth.

The finals match between Smith and Lutz was anticlimactic. Smith never lost his service as he raced through his doubles partner 9-7, 6-3, 6-1.

Performances like this are still somewhat difficult for Smith's teammates to fully understand and accept. Not that they don't realize that Smith has arrived. He is National Indoor champion as well, has won four of his last six matches with Ashe and beat Ashe and Graeb-

BLOND HAIR FLYING WITH THE EFFORT, STAN SMITH LEANS INTO HIS BIG SERVE

ner in succession to win the singles title at South Orange, N J Nevertheless they remember him until recently as a clumsy kid they could all beat with no sweat

Lutz readily admits ducking Smith when they were teen-agers hanging around the Los Angeles Tennis Club "There were so many better guys our age to play against six years ago Stan was a waste of time "

Perry Jones, the self-appointed gamekeeper of tennis' Southern California spawning ground, used to say that if a boy hadn't shown championship qualities by age 15 forget it Stanley Roger Smith in that age bracket couldn't even qualify as a Davis Cup ball boy, much less as an athlete who would help win the cup back for America six years later

"I applied to be a ball boy in 1963 when the U S played Mexico at the L A club," Smith laughs "I really thought it would be great to be on the same court with McKinley, Ralston and Osuna, but I was turned down. The fellow in charge of the ball boys said I was too awkward and that I'd clomp around and bother the players It took me a while to learn how to manage my size-13 feet "

Smith attended the match as a spectator, and though he was far behind such contemporaries as Lutz and the other area prodigies, he had uncommon determination A late bloomer by local standards, Stan quit the Pasadena High basketball team in his junior year to give all his free time to tennis

A year of hard work transformed Smith into National Junior Champion in 1964, the year that Graebner, Ashe and Pasarell were already on the Davis Cup squad as sparring partners for Chuck McKinley and Denny Ralston and the last time the U S defended the Davis Cup Yet he was far from smooth He had merely a big serve and the desire to practice longer than anybody else

At Southern California, from which he graduated earlier this year, Smith was a member of Athletes in Action, an affiliate of the Campus Crusade for Christ, and he would discuss his faith (he's a Presbyterian) at student gatherings

He and Lutz are Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde combined as a doubles team Lutz prowls in search of action and Smith looks for a place to take a nap "Listen, I act up, too," insists Smith "Sometimes I sneak an after-dinner mint before dinner "

He likes to kid himself, and recalls the time when he decided against ever showing temper in tennis "I was mad and whacked a ball hard against the fence It bounced back right at me and I stepped on it inadvertently and sprained my ankle I'm a little sharper on my feet now, but that cured me of outbursts "

Last year Rod Laver handled Smith promptly in straight sets at Wimbledon This year a more complete Smith gave the world champ his hardest match, a five-setter at the conclusion of which Laver had to play a miraculous game from 0-40 to escape "You feel like Stan's serving from a tree at 900 miles per hour," says Laver " He s on top of the net in one stride "

"It took Bob Lutz and me a while to get Donald [Dell] to stop thinking of us as strictly doubles players," says Smith "Naturally I want to play in the most important ones the singles against Rumania I really thought I had a chance to play singles when we took the cup from Australia But doubles was enough That time "

He did have a chance "I was very tempted to use Stan instead of Graebner," Dell admits "But I didn t want him to have to go three days Now I realize what a horse he is, and he can play forever "

As if Graebner, Ashe, Pasarell, Smith and Lutz weren't concerned enough about their Davis Cup status, the cup itself sat on a pedestal at Longwood to remind them Seldom seen in the U S , normally held by Australia and stored in the vault of the Bank of New South Wales in Melbourne, the cup was tended by only one guard round-the-clock It wasn't even roped off or enclosed in a glass case Perhaps the USLTA feels that with Stan Smith nearby, the cup is very safe. END

by Ezra Bowen

A worshiper of sports idols, the author forever abandoned Louis, Musial and DiMaggio in favor of

# A Hero in a Sneak Box

CONTINUED

Continued

I always have been a hero-worshipper. Over the years this reflexive admiration has ranged across a broad spectrum of high achievers, from Jungle Jim to John L. Lewis, from Yuri Gagarin to Errol Flynn. Since most of my life has been in sport, however, the bulk of my heroes have been athletes or outdoorsmen. Thus, starting at age 7 with Dizzy Dean, I unabashedly worshiped, in order, Whizzer White, Joe DiMaggio, my four uncles—all strong-handed, craggy-faced men who were masters of both the surf rod and the 12-gauge shotgun—Billy Conn and then Joe Louis, to whom I switched allegiance while the referee was still counting out Billy Conn.

By the time I was 14 and capable of exercising a bit more constancy toward my idols, I settled upon one man whose image has been with me ever since as my resident symbol of high achievement and of the good life that so often goes with it. His name is Van Campen Heilner, a gentle, patrician, enormously accomplished outdoorsman who, in the eyes of the adolescent sportsman I was when I discovered him, had been everywhere and done everything worth doing with rod and gun. And with typewriter, too, for like most of Heilner's disciples, I originally came to know him through his writings in outdoor magazines and the eight or 10 books of which he has been the author.

My first encounter with Van Campen Heilner was in reading his book *Our American Game Birds*. I came upon it the same way I discovered so much of the other literature of my boyhood: during a northeaster that was moaning around the screened porches and forcing trickles of windblown scud through the sashes of my family's hideous old shingled cottage on a New Jersey sand island called Beach Haven.

Nowadays such storms are distinguished by the title of Tropical Disturbance and brought onstage with much ado on television about wind velocities and total dollar damage. But in those days they just happened as northeasters, wild, hackle-raising harbingers of summer's end. In the bigger storms chimneys and even parts of roofs would be blown down, while the driven waves would surge past the pilings of the boardwalk, rushing through valleys in the dunes to collect in salt ponds just beyond the ocean-front street. If the wind let up a little, we would run out to swim in these storm lagoons before they could vanish down into the sand. Dripping and shivering, we would dive among the trapped schools of silver minnows or wade in the shallows to pick up starfish or dead dog sharks or even a piece of a schooner's rail cast ashore by the tumbling water.

Most times we simply stayed indoors for the storm's two- or three-day life, exploring and reading, practicing splices and fancy bends and hitches or carving driftwood into ship models and miniature decoys before the cannel coal fire that hissed in the iron grate of the living room. Exploring was perhaps the richest of these pastimes, for, like most Victorian cottages, ours was a big, rambling place whose halls and rooms and alcoves were stuffed with the jetsam from scores of seasons gone and from people gone with those seasons. High on the left-hand wall of the entryway hung the varnished, brooding remains of the black drum my Uncle Harry had caught in the surf in the year 1904, the rusted 5/0 hook and brittle remnant of the gut snell still hanging from the dorsal where it had been snagged. On the opposite wall, on either side of the racks for Uncle Harry's surf rods and those of his three brothers, were shelves cluttered with a scruffy collection of aged, stuffed game birds. Some of the birds' glass eyes were now missing or had been turned by the children to stare cross-eyed; and each bird was the collecting point for some bizarre kind of dust that gave my mother terrible hay fever.

Mother never moved the birds, though her artist's eye found them esthetically revolting and they made her sinuses drip every time she walked past the shelves on a hot day. The thing was, she was very fond of her brothers. It made her sad to think that they were old and gone away, and I believe she kept those silly birds as a kind of symbol that the four boys would be home any day. And, truthfully, the brothers did seem always to be somewhere in the house with us—in a scrap of Happy Hooligan comic page stuffed into a corner of the attic where they had sneaked off to smoke when they were young, in the rusted action of a 12-gauge Remington pump gun left in the cabinet in the gun room or right on the wall looking down with deep-set eyes from photographs.

Besides loving them, Mother had always been scared to death of all four. *They* had put those birds up there. Being the baby sister to four young lions whose attention was drawn to her only when she talked too much or failed to properly bail out the sneak boxes (people around Barnegat Bay call duckboats "sneak boxes"), Mother was not inclined to risk any move that might incur their displeasure, even though they might be 10,000 miles away or dead. She is still that way. I can catch her anytime. If I say "Kitty!" in a gruff voice, she will drop whatever she is doing as if it were a hot rock and look up at me in the smallest, quietest way, because Harry or Jimmy or Cecil or Phil has just barked at her again and she is scrooched down in the cockpit of the sneak box, bailing loyally and trying not to talk too much.

So I don't even pretend to bark at her anymore, because it makes me sad, too. For the truth is that those four men—like my one remaining hero—stayed with me for a long, long time. In fact, when I was young and in that house during the northeasters, in my mind I hunted and fished with the brothers, growing up as the fifth of them under the gentle hand of my grandfather, himself the guiding sportsman for the clan. Together we stood with the surf swirling around our hip boots as we played our metal squids in the bluefish runs, or talked softly in the blinds through the chill dawns and golden afternoons of waterfowling in the marshes. And sometimes, as I roamed the hallway between the dour old drumfish and the cor-

roded remnants of hand-wound surf rods and the molting flock of cross-eyed birds, I knew that if I did everything just right, and thought just right and hoped just right, a sudden rush of wind from the storm would blow open the front door, and there would be the brothers, waiting for me to join them in the marsh.

Against that possibility I memorized the names of all the birds, because when the brothers showed up I did not want to seem like a dope who was too dumb to really hunt but might be asked along if he would just shut up and bail—like a girl or something. I got the names out of *Our American Game Birds*, a big red book full of color paintings and ink sketches by Lynn Bogue Hunt. It did not occur to me then to give much thought to the author, although I noticed that Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's name was on the title page. And being dimly aware that my grandfather had been remotely associated with old T.R. himself on matters of conservation and the ROTC, I thought, of course, T.R. the younger had written the book and that it was, therefore, all kind of in the family.

I studied each page with care. Scaup. Canvasback. Railbird. Scoter: "American Scoter. Oidémia americána SWAINSON. *Oidemia americana* SWAINSON, in SWAINSON AND RICHARDSON, Fauna Bor.-Amer., II, 1831 [1832], 450. (Hudson Bay, lat. 57° N.). . . . Winters on the Atlantic coast from Maine and more rarely Newfoundland to New Jersey. . . ." This was tough stuff to memorize, especially because I had not the faintest idea what "Oidémia" or "Bor.-Amer., II" meant, and nobody would tell me. When I showed the book to my mother she would say, my, yes, those were nice pictures, and they did look just like the birds in the hall, except some of the colors were wrong. This offended me. No wonder my uncles left her behind sometimes. And when I asked my sister, who was very bright, being often festooned with scholarship medals from various schools, she would say, "Oh, *every*body knows that" and run off to the kitchen to make fudge. I discovered later that it was she who had started the business of making the birds look cross-eyed.

My special favorite in that slowly molting clutch of stuffed creatures was by all odds the least attractive of the lot, the black brant: "Branta nigricans (LAWRENCE). . . . 1846 . . . (Egg Harbor, N.J.)." Dark and dusty, he looked an unfortunate cross between an overgrown scaup and a poorly conceived Canada goose. Apparently the rest of my family considered him to be especially dismal, for he was pushed down to the very end of the shelf, where he sometimes fell off, suffering over the years a rather odd bend of the neck and the loss of one glass eye. Nevertheless, I liked him, and my sister knew it, for she would sneak by to fill the empty eye socket with some wretched female thing like a rhinestone button or one of those red, heart-shaped cinnamon candies.

Two things kept me loyal to this homeliest of the birds. One was the fact that, as the game-bird book noted, the brant's first officially recorded sighting had been in Egg Harbor, N.J.—which was none other than the arm of Barnegat Bay that swung in not 400 yards behind our cottage. And half the places the author mentioned as great brant-shooting country were in plain sight of our attic window. Second, the author seemed to write of the brant in terms that struck me as both thrilling and reassuring. "Fifteen thousand birds or more stop off in Great Bay near Tuckerton, New Jersey. . . ." "Flocks that darkened the sun. . . ." "I belonged to a duck club that had its clubhouse on an island in the middle of Barnegat Bay. . . ." And finally, "Brant come easily to the decoys and due to their peculiar habit of balling up [in flight] sometimes present a target that is difficult to miss. I have known eight to ten brant to be killed with one shot as they suddenly bunched up over the decoys."

## *Four lions, plus a sister to bail*

*continued*

continued

Now there was my kind of bird—native to my own heath, rich in numbers and spectacularly stupid. The latter point was critically important, for then as now I was a dreadful shot, and, being also rather thin and long-legged, I took poorly to the marathon sitting that most waterfowlers regularly endure upon the hard boards of their duck blinds. Thus any creature that came easily to decoys and balled up in flight so as to be hard to miss must indeed have been put on this earth for me. Just as clearly, the author of the book was my kind of man, and I set out to learn more about him.

Closer study of the title page and foreword of the game-bird book revealed that Colonel Roosevelt was not really the author of the book but only of the foreword. In that foreword Roosevelt warmly praised the true author, Van Campen Heilner, as being not only a superb writer but a "thorough-going sportsman" and a "thorough-going naturalist." Roosevelt also mentioned that the book had been first conceived as they sat together in a duck blind. I could feel a new hero coming on.

The final establishment of Heilner in that role occurred almost immediately thereafter, when I went to put back the book in its proper place in the cottage library. In the slot next to the one for *Our American Game Birds* was *Salt Water Fishing*, also by Van Campen Heilner. (Houses whose ruling adults have spent their lives in law research tend to have meticulously well-ordered bookshelves.) The preface of the new book was simply awesome, for it ended this way: "Van Campen Heilner is a fine sportsman and a beautiful duck-shot as well as an old-timer in fishing. He has much to teach and he is always learning. I do not know anything better to say. . . ." It was signed *Ernest Hemingway*.

I read every word of the book, and I found a particular passage, related to a painting by W. Goadby Lawrence, that stayed with me ever since, because it captured so much of what I have always felt. The color plate showed a man standing in a sneak box exactly like mine, holding a slim rod like the ones in the corner of the hall, his other hand swinging a long-handled net toward a splash in the water. It was sunset, and he was weakfishing in a tidal marsh that must have been a part of Mordecai Island at the southerly corner of Little Egg Harbor. Overhead, two birds that I thought to be brant were climbing toward a colored cloud. The title of the painting was *September in the Marshes*, and near it were these words: "Already the marshes are full of ducks, and you can hear the whisper of wings passing overhead. You have had your supper, and you take your sneak box and row up one of the tiny thoroughfares that meander in serpentine fashion through the marshes. . . . There is a northwester blowing up. The stars gleam like diamonds in the clean autumn air. Way off in the direction of the inlet you can hear the melancholy bong of the bell buoy. The wind sighs and rustles through the marsh grass . . ."

When I was finished with the book I went out to borrow or buy anything else of Heilner's I could find, and I discovered a rich lode that included *Beneath the Southern Cross. Adventures in Angling*, *The Call of the Surf* and *A Book of Duck Shooting*. I devoured all, sharing each adventure, relishing each photograph—of stunting sailfish, sharks with enormous teeth, strings of fat birds and a slim, teen-aged Heilner walking the beaches of Long Key in the company of that master pioneer of saltwater sportsmen, Zane Grey himself.

As I absorbed all this, it gradually came to me that if, like Heilner, you could have shot geese in the wild channels of Tierra del Fuego and hunted the marshes of the Carolinas or the tundra along James Bay, or if you could have fished for marlin or broadbill or striper or weakfish wherever they might be and then written about it both elegantly and profitably, there would be nothing much more worth doing.

Twenty-five years later I still tended to think so. In fact, I was earnestly trying to *do* so, having retained a sufficient passion for hunting, fishing and faraway places to have become outdoor editor for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. As one consequence of this position, I had substantially reduced the distance in life between myself and my outdoor hero. At least superficially the distance had been reduced, thanks to correspondence between Heilner and me on outdoor matters and by the exchange of several manuscripts. Twice I had even spoken with him on the phone, attempting through the familiar "Hello, Van" that I understood his friends always used to appear very much at ease in my tradings with him; though, truth to tell, the small boy in me felt no more at ease saying "Hello, Van" than it had saying "Hello, Champ" to Archie Moore or "Hi, Bus" to the superb yachtsman, Bus Mosbacher, while on other assignments.

Then one late September day the office phone rang. I was very busy and gave that mannerless "Yeah?" that New York people save for bad mornings when their secretaries are sick. The voice at the other end, steady and decidedly cultured, was Heilner's. Beneath his St. Grottlesex modulations was the twang that permanently afflicts anyone who has spent long periods of time around the boat docks of South Jersey. Van was going brant shooting on an island near Tuckerton, N.J., and what would I think about coming along?

The edifice of my business life fell in instant ruin.

*Fifteen thousand birds or more stop off in Great Bay near Tuckerton, New Jersey*

"Actually I'm down here now," said the telephone voice, "at the grocery store. We just came over from the club. Could you be here Friday?"

*that had its clubhouse on an island in the middle of Barnegat Bay.*

"About 6, if you can make it. It's clear and warm, but there are plenty of birds."

*I have known eight to ten brant to be killed with one shot*

I was in Tuckerton precisely at 6. Now, heroes in the flesh, as you may know, are almost invariably disappointing. I once saw Stan Musial walking through Penn Station in New York, and in his street clothes I thought he looked rath-

continued

# The Legend of 100 Pipers

There's a legend
that says you hear
one Piper playing when
you sip a good Scotch.
Two Pipers, if the
Scotch is smooth.
Maybe five or six,
if it's mellow.

But only when you
sip a truly great, great
Scotch will you ever hear
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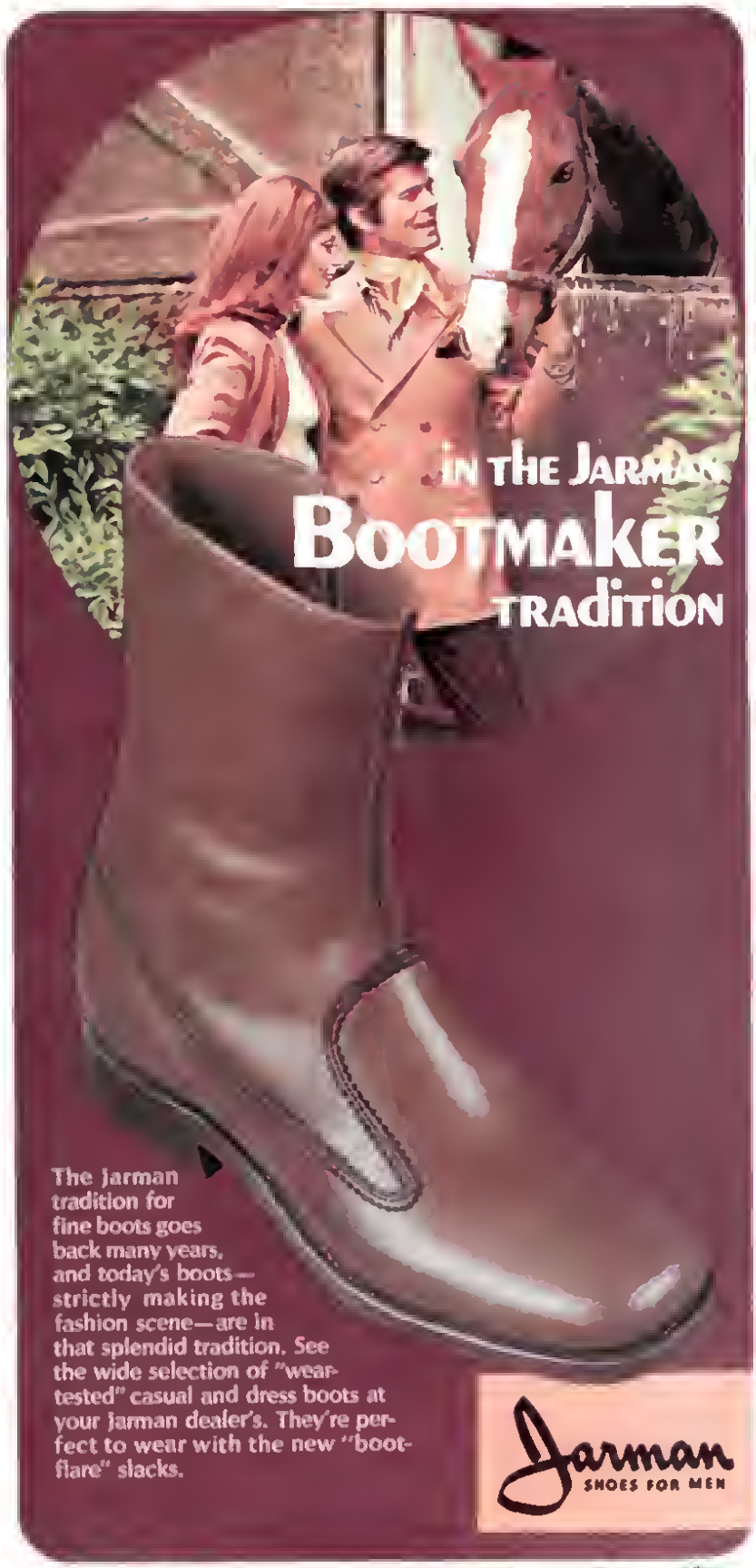

Continued

er slight and pale and kind of stooped over. But in fairness to Musial I should add that any reality would have looked slight and pale and stooped over next to the 9-foot bronze image in a St. Louis uniform who had strode through my early Musial fantasies. A more apt illustration might be the Lone Ranger, or rather the Lone Ranger as reincarnated and occasionally sent on tour in the late 1930s by the movie people or by his radio sponsor, Silvercup, "the world's finest bread." Of all the pasty-faced, laundered, starched, soft-handed fops, that Lone Ranger had to be the worst. In fact, one day after we had lined up outside the Egyptian Theater in Bala-Cynwyd, Pa. to see him, Jimmy Dick Holt (a Beach Haven crony) told me if it weren't for the *William Tell Overture* he would quit listening to the Lone Ranger altogether.

But Van was perfect: white-haired and soft-spoken like my grandfather, broad and strong-handed and deeply tanned like my uncles. His rust-colored hunting clothes, disappearing down into the knee-high folds of unbuckled Top-sider hip boots, fitted him in that trim but faintly rumpled way that real outdoorsmen's clothes always fit. He caught my duffle as I tossed it down, handed my gun case carefully into the far seat and turned up the boat's engine in a slow swing away from the dock as soon as I had both feet on the cockpit floor.

Neither of us tried to talk over the boat's engine after the first hello. And as we motored easily across the thoroughfare and into an estuary through the brown marsh grass, I turned my face from the wind. There, far across the darkening waters of Barnegat Bay, was the cupolaed outline of the Beach Haven water tower. A little more to the north was the chimney of the menhaden reducing plant, now abandoned, which Uncle Harry had used as his landmark the time he had taken me fishing for croaker and weakfish when I was quite little. Onshore to the west, the red warn-

ing lights atop the Tuckerton wireless towers, visible each night from my bedroom window when I was a boy, had begun to glow. And behind the towers the last color was fading from the sunset. It was September in the marshes.

Although Van himself was a perfect image, there is no such thing as total fidelity in this world, especially to one's fantasies. Thus, after we had settled at the club, Van explained that though the shooting indeed promised to be quite good, decades of market hunting and the disappearance of the eelgrass during the 1920s and '30s had drastically reduced the flights. Tomorrow we might see flights of 60 and perhaps even a hundred birds, but no 15,000 would darken the sun. At dinner I experienced another mild disillusionment. Various writings, including Van's, had described the brant as "succulent," "fat," the "tenderest of waterfowl," "much prized by gourmets." When we sat down to eat, the guide, whose name I believe was Tommy, brought in a steaming brown bird for each of us, proudly mentioning that these plump brant had been soaked for 12 hours in a baking-soda solution, then stuffed with chopped raw potatoes and apples and allowed to sit for another 18 hours and finally smeared with orange marmalade before roasting—all to draw out what he called the little extra much of marsh flavoring.

Van took a bite and pronounced the meat matchless. I took a bite and instantly agreed—out loud. Never, I thought while getting down the remainder with all possible speed, had I found a more perfect match in flavor for the rich, full effluvium of a mud flat at low tide. But after a good deal of Burgundy, followed by several Scotch nightcaps, I concluded that my own taste buds, rusted from the uses of the city, had played me false. Brant was really very good.

Next morning, to my enormous relief, Van did not wake me until nearly 8. All other waterfowling expeditions I had been on commenced at something like quarter to 5 in horizontally moving sleet. I have never been a morning person or a sleet person but, driven by the

*continued*




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- Can you learn to play tennis at the age of 45?
- Are American players in favor of boycotting South Africa in the Davis Cup?
- Where can you go for a tennis vacation?
- Can you become a champion if you start to play at the age of 30?
- How do you go about entering a tournament?
- What are the differences between grass, clay and cement?
- What man and what woman won the 1969 U.S. Amateur Championships?
- Is it wrong to argue with your opponent on the court?
- Is a player allowed to get advice from his coach during a match?
- Must you wear "all white" on the court?
- What are the different tennis grips and which are the best?
- How soon after eating can you play?
- Why is Wimbledon Champ Ann Jones called "The Professional Heroine"?
- What shot should you learn first?
- How do you build up stamina for tennis?
- Did Rod Laver earn $80,000 in the first six months of 1969?
- Will you improve if you watch great players in action?
- Must competitors be clean-shaven and have short haircuts to enter a tournament?

**The answers to these and many other questions are in the September issue of World Tennis.**

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Continued

old Beach Haven compulsions, I had always launched myself out of bed first thing to help make coffee and load the boats. That reflex, however, amounted to nothing more than conspicuous good camperism, and I had secretly yearned to be back in the sack. Thus 7:45 on a bright, windless 50° September morning was pure bliss.

"Plenty of time," Van said. "Brant feed on the turn of the tide, and we've over an hour."

I took it all, had an extra mug of coffee and climbed into the already loaded boat. The guide dropped us off at a pit blind a yard or two from the edge of a marsh island, moored the launch at the dock of another menhaden plant half a mile away and sculled a sneak box behind a neighboring clump of island. Then we settled down to wait.

By noon my bottom was very numb. During the long interim, Van talked in a kind of deep, resonant voice that ranged over a great reservoir of anecdotal material. Thank heaven for that, for at 3:30 p.m. the birds had still not come. My legs had gone entirely to sleep. The tide was getting ready to turn again, and I had a vague feeling that another small portion of my secret life was being eroded. Then the birds came.

"Look," said Van, and nudged me, turning his head only the slightest fraction to the east. There, out toward Beach Haven, a low, broken line of what looked like smoke from a marsh fire was sweeping and undulating across the water. I started to get up for a better look, but Van's hand held me down. We waited very still while the birds flew along, about 70 of them, alternately balling up and then lengthening out in wavering lines. As we sat, heads and shoulders bent forward so as to present no silhouette, the sharp smell of Hoppe's No. 9 Solvent rose strongly from the guns in our laps. Suddenly the birds wheeled and came straight to the water before our blind.

*Brant come easily to the decoys.*

Landing, they began to bob and swim slowly among our decoys. "All right," Van whispered. I was transfixed.

He poked me and said, just as softly, "Go ahead."

I was still in a trance, one foot in the Beach Haven hallway and less than half of me in the Tuckerton marsh on this real September. "For heaven's sake, get up and shoot," said Heilner, aloud. Several birds hitched their wings, but remained in the classic attitude of sitting ducks, which it is considered very poor form to shoot. I jumped up and, according to custom, the brant should then have taken flight. However, these brant did not, and in sheer confusion I shot two birds that may well have had flight on their minds but could not charitably have been described as in the air.

"Splendid. Right on the rise," said Heilner quickly, generating a genteel lie designed to blot out my blunder. I wanted with all my soul to believe the brant had indeed been flying, but I could not help noticing that as the lie drifted away with the faint smoke of my gun the blind fell markedly silent, while the guide, eschewing the congratulations usual to the felling of the first birds, sculled out to retrieve the floating corpses.

To my mild surprise, the rest of the flight flared off only a short way, and in a few minutes the same birds wheeled again toward our set, this time coming low and straight from the front. They coasted over the decoys, right toward us.

"Up!" said Van.

We stood, and the birds bunched as if they had flown into a funnel. For a long moment the whole flight hung directly over us, gabbling, croaking and, to my wild eye, in every way darkening the sun.

*Due to their peculiar habit of balling up they sometimes present a target that is difficult to miss. I have known eight to ten to be killed. . .*

## *Giddy with the shades of September*

And I have known none. Cool and gracious even now, Heilner said evenly, "Take your shot." I took all three, my gun being a borrowed automatic. Somehow every single one of those hundreds of lead pellets went rushing through the solid, overhanging cloud of birds without disturbing a feather. This was an extraordinary piece of shooting that may not soon be equaled. Surely it will never be equaled by another alumnus of the weathered cottage in Beach Haven.

At almost the same instant I was aware of two shots to my immediate right. And when I pulled myself together there were two birds on the water. No, three. Two dead ones and one wounded, which Heilner finished off right away. "Nice shooting," he said, without the slightest trace of irony. "One for each and one for the pot. I missed my second; matter of fact, I think that down one swimming off was yours."

One more flight came in just before dusk, and this time I really did hit a flying bird. Between that joyful feat and another intervening hour of hypnotic talk by Heilner, with the lowering sun turning the marsh to a luminous russet shade, I gradually lost my mortification and became invaded with a happy, giddy kind of fatigue. When it was not yet too dark to see the channel, the guide came over to pick us up in the motorboat, and we went back to the clubhouse for a dinner which, to my relief, featured stuffed veal.

After supper Heilner suggested we take a walk along one of the tiny thoroughfares that meandered through the marsh behind the clubhouse. It was a lovely clear night, with the wind blowing gently from the northwest. Above us the stars gleamed in the clean autumn air. It was too far to the inlet to hear the bell buoy, but as we stood on a point of land, the high tide washing fresh salt over the flats, we could hear the wind sighing through the marsh grass. And for one quick moment I thought I heard the whisper of wings passing overhead. It had been a perfect September in the marshes, a real September. And tomorrow it would be October, for me and for the last of my heroes. *end*

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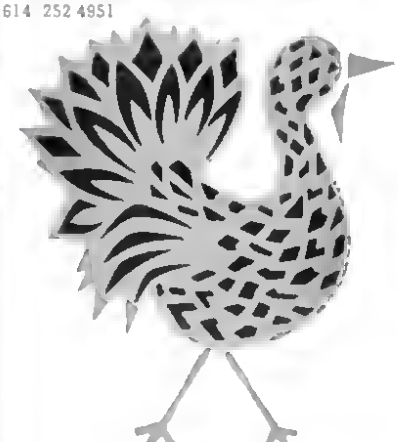

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You know, it's too bad somebody didn't think of that about 40 years ago. Then we'd all still be driving Model A's.

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# FOR THE RECORD

**A roundup of the sports information of the week**

**BASEBALL** NATIONALIST CHINA became the third Asian team in succession to win the Little League World Series, shutting out Santa Clara, Calif., 8–0 in Williamsport, Pa.

**BASKETBALL** Willis Reed hit two free throws with three seconds left and Lew Alcindor shared high-point honors as the EAST defeated the West 80–79 in the 11th annual Maurice Stokes benefit game in the Catskills (*see* SIDELIGHTS).

**BOATING** Despite a six-minute stop while one of his crew members went over the side to change a broken propeller blade, world record-holder DON ARONOW of Coral Gables, Fla. virtually assured himself of the U.S. championship for 1969 by winning the fifth annual Long Beach Hennessy Cup offshore powerboat race by five seconds over Peter *Rothschild of Newport Beach, Calif.*

**BOXING** Mexican bantamweight RUBEN OLIVARES knocked out Linnsl Rose of Australia in the fifth round and became the world champion of the 118 pound weight class. A crowd of 18,547 in Inglewood, Calif. saw Olivares score his 50th knockout in 52 bouts (*page 101*).

**FOOTBALL** The young and old alike were out to win their jobs in Buffalo, where BALTIMORE's Johnny Unitas continued his comeback from elbow trouble with touchdown passes of four and 70 yards to Tight End Tom Mitchell as the Colts won 20-7. O.J. Simpson gained 20 yards in five carries and caught two passes. Also returning to form was Chicago's Gale Sayers, who brought a kickoff back 97 yards on a pair of good knees. Unhappily for the Bears, HOUSTON's own Kenny Houston raced 99 yards with a missed field goal attempt and Oiler Quarterback Pete Beathard passed for a late touchdown to hand Chicago a 19–17 loss. Healthy Halfback Dan Reeves returned to the DALLAS backfield after nearly a year's absence, filled out and fired a 58-yard touchdown pass the first time he touched the ball. Split End Bob Hayes, who had been in Coach Tom Landry's doghouse for not running full pass patterns as a decoy, made a jumping catch between two Green Bay defenders in the end zone as the Cowboys rolled 31-13. Atlanta, despite a sellout home crowd, lost its first exhibition game 24-7 to WASHINGTON and Sonny Jurgensen, who passed for two scores (*page 40*). PITTSBURGH jumped ahead of New Orleans with three calls touchdowns and Earl Gros and rookie Bob Campbell added TD runs of 41 and 61 yards to hold off the Saints 34-24. CINCINNATI sparked by a pair of interceptions and two touchdown passes by young Greg Cook, downed Miami 28-21. Unbeaten KANSAS CITY won 42-14 over Los Angeles and avenged 44-24 and 35-16 losses in the Rams in previous summers. Len Dawson with 22 completions for 418 yards won the passing duel with Rosman Gabriel. MINNESOTA treated St. Louis to the same kind of evening. Gary Cuozzo threw for two touchdowns, Fred Cox kicked two field goals, Gary Larsen recovered a fumble in the end zone and the Viking defense picked off three Charles Johnson passes six times in a 41-13 victory. DENVER's Bobby Howfield and San Francisco's Tommy Davis were tied 9-9 with three field goals apiece in three quarters when Bronco rookie Pete Liske hit Miks Haffner in the end zone and Howfield added a fourth field goal from 47 yards for a 19-9 lead. Early in the third game in a row Steve Spurrier came off the 49er bench to engineer a late rally, but the Broncos won 19-15. Cleveland Defensive Back Walt Sumner saved a 19-19 tie for the Browns when he blocked San Diego's 11-yard field goal attempt with 17 seconds to play.

**GOLF** U.S. amateurs retained the Walker Cup 10-8 in Milwaukee, despite three singles victories by Great Britain on the final day. The U.S. has lost this biennial competition only once, in 1938. The visitors got some solace from Michael Bonallack, the only golfer to win in singles and doubles.

Blond TOM SHAW shot a closing-round 77, missed a birdie putt on the 72nd hole and still won the $150,000 Asco Classic in Sutton, Mass. with an eight-under-par 280. Bob Stanton finished one stroke behind Shaw, who led the tournament all the way.

**HARNESS RACING** Tranquil claimed its fourth straight victory in the $100,000 Roosevelt International Trot as UNE DE MAI ($11.40) upset Nevele Pride by 1¾ lengths (*page 78*).

**HORSE RACING** A six-horse photo finish marked the $112,375 Hopeful stakes at Saratoga with IRON CASTLE ($7.60) getting the judges' nod in a most unusual 6½ furlong race. MERITUS ($6.60), a daughter of Bold Ruler, won the six-furlong $79,675 Spinaway for 2-year-old fillies.

**TENNIS** STAN SMITH of Pasadena, Calif. powered his way to the National Grass Court Championship at Brookline, Mass. in straight sets 9-7, 6-3, 6-1 over Davis Cup doubles partner and USC teammate Bob Lutz (*page 44*). MRS. MARGARET COURT of Australia took the women's singles, beating Virginia Wade of Great Britain 4-6, 6-3, 6-0 for a $1,500 prize.

**MILEPOSTS** MOVED. *To Washington and recharristened the Caps:* the OAKLAND OAKS of the American Basketball Association by their new owner, Earl Foreman (who bought them for $2.6 million). Run Head Coach Alex Hannum and stockholder-star Rick Barry, who has not complete the rank age Hannum, who has coached pro teams in five cities, immediately asked for a new ABA franchise in Oakland and Barry, who jumped the NBA to join the Oaks, did not discount rumors that he would go back across the bay to the San Francisco Warriors.

SIGNED. By the Denver Rockets of the ABA, SPENCER HAYWOOD, Olympics hero and U. of Detroit All-America who had two years of college eligibility remaining, for more than $250,000 on a long-term contract. Haywood said he was the sole support of his mother and nine brothers and sisters, and ABA President James Gardner gave the Rockets permission to sign him under a hardship clause. (*See* SIDELIGHTS.)

JUMPED. From Philadelphia of the NBA to the ABA's Carolina Cougars, effective in two years, BILLY CUNNINGHAM, the Kangaroo Kid from Brooklyn who was a star at the University of North Carolina. It was the ABA's third important move of the week and none of them seemed calculated to hasten a merger.

NAMED. As the United States Auto Club's first executive director, WILLIAM J. SMYTH, who served as assistant to the president of the New Orleans Saints football team. The USAC board of directors also froze racing-engine sizes until Jan. 1, 1972 and, in doing so, did away with the problem of the turbine engine for this moment. The turbines cannot conform to the smaller piston engine norms.

REJECTED. For the present, a new 50,000-seat, $42 million sports stadium in BOSTON, by voice vote without public debate on the floor of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

DIED. FRANK SHELLENBACK, 70, New York and San Francisco Giants pitching coach from 1949 to 1965 and the minor league manager who switched Ted Williams from pitching to hitting when the Hall of Famer broke in at San Diego in 1936, at home in Newton, Mass. Shellenback's major league career ended in 1920, when the spitball was banned, but he continued to pitch 17 more years in the Pacific Coast League, where he won 296 games and was elected to its own Hall of Fame.

DIED. LOU STILLMAN, 82, gruff owner of Stillman's Gymnasium in Manhattan, the light-bulb mecca which graduated more than 35,000 boxers in a nursing home in Santa Barbara, Calif. Said Lou when he sold the gym in 1959: "There's no more tough guys around, not enough slums. That's why I'm getting out of the boxing business. The racket's dead. These fighters today are all sissies."

**CREDITS**


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## FACES IN THE CROWD

**JACKIE MATTINGLY,** who holds every girls' running record in Louisville's grade schools, qualified for a second straight year to race in the U.S. Youth Games in Washington. She ran a 27.5 220 and anchored the winning relay team as her school won the city title.

**RICHARD DU PONT,** 9, of Chesapeake City, Md., strapped in and using a regulation rod, landed a 51-pound, seven-foot marlin off the coast of Ocean City. "Colt," as he is nicknamed, weighs just 13 pounds more than his catch and is almost three feet shorter.

**MARTY WILLIGAN,** of Amityville, N.Y., was the only U.S. wrestler to win a gold medal in the 11th International Games for the Deaf in Belgrade, Yugoslavia. A 137-pounder from Hofstra U., he earned a career dual meet record of 44-1-1, losing in the NCAA finals.

**ROBIN SIEVERS,** son of former major league slugger Roy Sievers, is the family's new standard-bearer. He led Hazelwood (Mo.) High to its first state tourney appearance and hit .442 in American Legion baseball to help his team win the St. Louis County championship.

**MARILEE ALLAN,** 15, of Corona del Mar, Calif., grew up in a home full of sailing champions (her father and two brothers), but with brother Scott in the Navy and Skip competing in England, it was her turn to come in a winner in Newport Harbor's Race Week.

**SUE SMITH,** of Edmonston, Quebec, won nine medals at the Canadian Swimming Championships. While Sue earned two golds, three silvers and four bronzes, her brother George took three seconds off his Canadian record in the 200-meter medley.

# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

Ken Holtzman was born and raised in St Louis (2-4) (*page 14*), and until five years ago was a Cardinals fan Last week, though, he was the only starting pitcher able to prevent his old favorites from gaining ground on Chicago (3-4) The 23-year-old lefthander, who became an instant Cub rooter when Chicago signed him out of the University of Illinois for $65,000, was a double winner for the Eastern Division leaders, and one of his victories was a no-hitter. In leaving the Braves hitless, Holtzman surprisingly had no strikeouts while walking three. Since coming to the majors in 1965, he has used his excellent fastball to average five strikeouts a game In his big win last week, the Cubs' defense, best in the league, made the outs for him, and Leftfielder Billy Williams, Shortstop Don Kessinger and Second Baseman Glenn Beckert all turned in fine plays. Pittsburgh (7-0) also moved into position for a shot at the top Trailing by 13½ games only two weeks ago, the Pirates, paced by Bob Veale's four-hit shutout and the hitting of Catcher Manny Sanguillen (.375), came from behind to win five times and closed within 8½ games of first place New York (5-1) was also moving on the Cubs The second-place Mets shaved their deficit to five games as Gary Gentry, Tug McGraw and Jim McAndrew combined to win two games and hold the Giants scoreless for 23 straight innings Then the Mets' batters took over, with Cleon Jones hitting .444 for the week to lift his season's average to .353 and Ron Swoboda coming off the bench to start four games and drive in eight runs. The victims of the Mets' latest surge were the old New York teams, the Giants and Dodgers. By taking five of six from them, the Mets ran their season's record against the former New Yorkers to 11-1 at Shea Stadium And their attendance for the season was only 67,000 less than the Giants and the Dodgers combined "Go in and get the Lowenbrau," Philadelphia (4-2) Manager George Myatt told the press Myatt is a gracious host after Phillies victories, and lately he has been a regular partygiver. Three unheralded players, 26-year-old Jerry Johnson, 23-year-old Rick Wise and 22-year-old Larry Hisle, have helped the Phils right themselves since Myatt took over three weeks ago. Last week Johnson stopped the Dodgers 2-1, and the next day Wise bettered that by pitching his second straight shutout Centerfielder Hisle, who averaged .409, helped Wise to the victory with his 20th homer of the season. They call it Expomania in Montreal 11-6), and rightly so Even though the Expos continue to lose, often one-sidedly, the fans keep pouring into tiny Jarry Park Attendance passed the million mark last week And Expo rooters still seem willing to cheer anything their team does even after 89 losses in 128 games. Manager Gene Mauch received a standing ovation from a near-capacity crowd after it was announced that his contract had been extended for two years. The loudest roars were for Claude Raymond, one of very few Canadians in the majors, whom the Expos picked up last week from the Braves. Raymond, who has hardly been the object of hero worship during his seven-year career as a relief pitcher in Milwaukee, Houston and Atlanta, was an instant success in Montreal where he received prolonged applause before he threw his first pitch Mauch obviously intends to give the Expo fans what they want to see. By week's end, Raymond had appeared in six games, allowing four runs in 8⅓ innings The Western Division race continued to be one of the tightest ever with five teams bunched within 2½ games of first place. San Francisco (5-2) drove from 3½ games out into first by half a game with a five-game win streak Bobby Bonds and Willie McCovey hit two home runs each to overcome shaky Giant pitching in the first two victories, then spot starters Mike McCormick and Ray Sadecki put a six-hitter and three-hitter back to back Atlanta (4-2) was also on the upswing, even though the Braves' hitting was still inexplicably below par (.179 for the week) The pitchers allowed only 12 runs with Jim Britton, who threw a four-hitter, and Phil Niekro, who threw a five-hitter, winning a pair of 3-1 games. Jim Bunning, making his first appearance for Los Angeles 12-4), pitched a shutout, and Bill Sudakis backed him with a home run to help the Dodgers stay near the top in the West Houston (2-4) fell from third to fifth but was only 2½ behind as Larry Dierker pitched his 16th win and Jesus Alou gave him all the support he needed with three RBIs For Dierker, who has been credited with three of the Astros' last four wins, the victory demanded a change in perspective now that his team is a pennant contender. "Before the season, if somebody had said I was going to be 16-9 with a 2.54 earned run average, I'd have said that was a heckuva year," he said "Now I'm a little more greedy and I want a few more. Before it was almost impossible to win 20 games with the Astros because we didn't have a good enough team. Now we do " Cincinnati (2-6) lost its division lead as the usually hard-hitting Reds averaged just .226 The team's top slugger, Lee May, who began the week at .298 with 87 RBIs and 32 home runs, turned out to be its top slumper as he hit .065 Except when Joe

*continued*

**HIGHLIGHT**

Around the bars during spring training, the reporters and expert fans who go to Florida to watch the teams shape up agreed almost unanimously on one thing Detroit's Denny McLain would be lucky to win, say, 16 games this year McLain had won 31 in 1968, but the logical evidence against anything approaching that figure seemed obvious. Denny pitched a grueling 336 innings last season and then came up with a sore arm for the World Series In the winter there had been no time for rest between his nightclub appearances as an organist and his flying lessons Besides, the argument went, he had won many of his games because his team scored more for him than for any other pitcher Four times last year McLain was pulled from games only to win them in the clubhouse as his team pushed over the go-ahead run in the inning in which he left. The Tigers have not hit nearly as strongly for their 25-year-old ace this year but, by last week, McLain had struck out all the logicians With a 3-1, seven-hit victory over the Angels, he became the year's first 20-game winner (20-6) and solidly established himself as baseball's toughest pitcher "I had to win 20 this year to prove last season was no fluke," he said McLain has an outside chance at another 30-victory season if he chooses to try for it Manager Mayo Smith figures Denny has just nine starts left, but the pitcher disagrees. "Hmm, there are 5½ weeks left," he said "That means I could make about 14 more starts. No, sir, I'm not interested in 14 more starts. My pitching arm's not sore, just tired, very tired." Now, that is logical for a weary man who has had no rest in 18 months and has already pitched 261 innings this year.

McLAIN: WINNING LOGIC

# Hunting the Musk-Ox in Style

**Even Eskimos preferred to wait for summertime to get their musk-ox, but one elegant fox hunter from Boston liked his on ice** by MARY EVANS

The hottest days of summer are perhaps the best time to contemplate the single-minded stubbornness of young Casper Whitney. Certainly no one in his right mind would want to pick a chilly day in winter to read about how Casper, a 32-year-old Bostonian just gaining a journalistic name for himself with some elegant pieces on fox hunting in *Harper's* magazine, went after musk-oxen on snowshoes across the world's coldest and most desolate country in the dead of winter.

A century ago Canada's northwest Barren Grounds seemed so inhospitable that even the Eskimo avoided them, and any Indian that wanted a musk-ox preferred to wait until summer to go after it. But at 32 Whitney was above all a stylist. He believed that sporting adventure should be undertaken without stint or smallness and so, having decided to take up snowshoeing, he cast about for a goal sufficiently difficult to make it worthwhile. The pursuit, in dead winter, of the musk-ox—which Casper called the most inaccessible game animal on earth—seemed an obvious choice. Thus it was that in the winter of 1894–95, Casper Whitney, the prime chronicler of American country-club sport, set out on snowshoes across nearly 3,000 miles of frozen desolation.

For six months Casper and his relays of Indian companions, prodded to accompany him on this unheard-of jaunt by appeals to their pride and their purse, suffered in the name of manly fun conditions that would have made any faintly reasonable person resign himself gratefully to becoming a permanent icicle.

Whitney's excuse for all this misery was that he wanted his "untamed spirit to play at monarch of all he surveyed," though as it worked out most of the time the snowstorms were so thick and his eyebrows so caked with ice that this doughty adventurer couldn't survey much of anything.

Whitney went as far as he could by rail, to Edmonton. Then he persuaded someone to drive him and his supplies by sleigh 175 miles north to Lac la Biche. Here he faced his first real hardship: the necessity of sleeping in the dirty cabin of a bachelor schoolmaster. Whitney had such an aversion to unclean quarters that later he often chose to spend the night outside curled up in a blizzard rather than brave an overcrowded, smelly cabin. Lac la Biche was the frontier. From there it was about 600 miles north to Great Slave Lake, where the Barren Grounds began. Whitney and his American companion, an artist named Arthur Heming, needed dog teams to carry their supplies, but no one thought dogs could survive the trip under winter conditions. Even guides suddenly became scarce.

Finally, however, a party was somehow put together, and the expedition set out on a glorious bright day with the temperature soaring to 20° below zero. Soon it began to snow. Everyone kept falling down, and Heming fell so hard into one gully that he damaged his kidneys and had to be sent back with the only guide in the party able to speak English.

Whitney pushed on, led by a stouthearted young Indian who spoke only Cree. There was not enough fish for the dogs. The snow was so deep and soft that even with their snowshoes the humans sank in up to their knees. At night the temperature dropped to 54° below.

Still, they managed to keep going at better than six miles or so an hour. Realizing that the cold would be much worse farther north, Whitney forced himself to use only half his bedding. After a few nights, exhaustion overcame his chilliness, and he learned to sleep with very little covering. So much snow fell all the time that in order to feel out the trail he had to take his snowshoes off and grope for miles with his feet, which led to a badly sprained ankle. From the strain of continually running on snowshoes he developed leg cramps so severe that he sometimes had to drag himself along on his elbows. Even the Indians were too exhausted to do anything but silently hope he would (or, perhaps, would not) be able to make it. Many of them were stumbling along in pain from severe snow blindness.

Perhaps it is understandable that Whitney kept his own spirits warm by thinking dire thoughts about his Indian companions. In his testy opinion they were uncivilized, coldhearted and brutal. When he did admit an Indian virtue, he did it grudgingly. All of the Indians shared with complete unselfishness every scrap of their scarce food. But, wrote Casper, "It is so the world over. Those that have least to give, give of their little the more spontaneously." Not being a savage and thus used to deprivation, Whitney by his own admission later on nearly choked an Indian companion to force him to give up a piece of musk-ox intestine that Whitney thought belonged to himself.

After about two months' snowshoeing, Whitney and his party reached Great Slave Lake, which marked the southern edge of the Barren Grounds. To strengthen his legs against another attack of cramps with possibly fatal results, Whitney spent two weeks running 15 miles every day. Quieter moments he spent collecting his gear, which included very little food—they would, he decided, have to live off whatever they could hunt—and as much wood as they could carry.

To the local people Whitney's plan to continue north into the Barren Grounds during the worst season seemed suicidal. When he and his group actually started out, there was a gamut of solemn, funereal handshaking, and everyone sending them off seemed very depressed. The first few nights out were spent in the shelter of an Indian settlement, where there was no meat and the people were mourning one of their hunters found frozen near his traps. Whitney thought anything would be better than that suffering village—until he had his first view of the Barren Grounds. "I thought," he wrote of his first view of it, "as I stood and gazed into that treeless waste, if death marked my venture it would not be a hard country to leave."

Whitney's spirits may have faltered,

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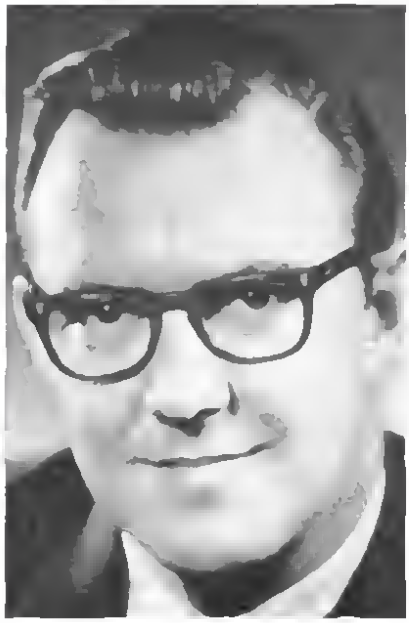

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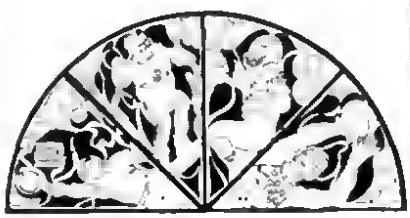
**AWAKE TO THE COLORFUL, WONDERFUL, WORLD OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**





but his actions never wavered. On they pressed, going as far each day (usually 40 miles) as they could, because each night's camp meant that much less wood, and Whitney was trying to reach the Arctic Ocean if possible. Some days the Indians refused to go on. Not being magazine writers they saw no reason to press forward when it was 67° below zero and snowing. Even without more than a token fire, a tepee gave some shelter, and the Indians preferred to stay in it. Whitney fretted; he wanted to find the elusive musk-ox when its fur was thickest and bring back some splendid heads. While his scouts went snowblind, lost their way and were only by chance found again, Whitney sang and whistled all the time to distract those in the main party or, as he said, "to shame the Indians from showing failing courage." At last, about 50 miles south of the Arctic Ocean, the young Bostonian decided he and his hunters had killed enough prime musk-oxen to satisfy his yen. Their fuel was running out, the Indians were no longer susceptible to bribes and Whitney himself was ready to turn around and start back south.

It was by then April 5, but still so cold that on the return trip to the Land of Little Sticks and Great Slave Lake the thermometer broke and the dogs began to freeze in their harnesses. There was not enough fuel left to thaw food or even frozen beards. The chief guide and another Indian got lost without a blanket or a scrap of food between them. Whitney made no attempt to find them. "It would," he said, "have been too dangerous even to try." Somehow the lost Indians survived and found their way back to the group. Soon afterward the party reached the woods and Whitney heard a bird: it was the first he had heard for four months.

The journey was almost over. The dogs had survived, though just. So had all the Indians. Whitney had bagged his musk-ox and had proved that for a brave man it was possible to snowshoe across the Barren Grounds in the worst possible time of year. Back he went to New York, where in time he became editor of *Outing Magazine* and wrote a number of sporting and travel books, one of which was called, *On Snow Shoes to the Barren Grounds.*

There is no record that the Indians of Lac la Biche were among his enthusiastic readers. **END**

Niekro threw a 1-0, six-hit shutout, San Diego (2-4) pitchers allowed the opposition to average .281, and they lost two high scoring games by one run.

Standings—East: Chi 78-49, NY 71-52, Pitt 68-56, StL 69-57, Phil 52-72, Mont 39-89. West: SF 69-57, Atl 70-59, Cin 66-56, LA 67-57, Hou 66-59, SD 37-89.

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

During his four years as a pro, 22-year-old Steve Kealey had had only one start—at Idaho Falls—and had never pitched more than five innings in one game. Still, when California (5-1) Manager Lefty Phillips found his staff depleted by injuries last week, he gave Kealey, who came to the Angels from the minors only a month ago, a starting assignment. "I was hoping he could go five innings," said Phillips. Kealey went five and then some as he shut out the majors' toughest team, the Orioles, on seven hits. In eight innings of relief since moving to the majors, Kealey had allowed six runs. Against the Orioles, the righthander permitted just one man past second base. His turnabout was in keeping with the Angels' week, their best since April as they moved from fifth place to third in the Western Division. *Minnesota (4-2) reactivated Dave* Boswell, the righthander who fought with and lost to Twins' Manager Billy Martin, and he immediately showed his talent is pitching—not punching. Boswell allowed the Yankees and the Red Sox two earned runs in 15 innings and earned his 13th victory. The punch on the Twins has shifted back to Harmon Killebrew, who recovered the league lead in RBIs (113) with nine for the week, all of them coming on his four home runs. Complete games by two rookie pitchers, Bill Butler and Jim Rooker, helped Kansas City (3-3) stay in fourth place. Rooker, who also played the outfield and first base in the minors, has turned out to be a double threat for the Royals. For his last six starts, the 26-year-old lefthander has a 1.91 earned run average and his batting average over his 10 most recent games is .393. Not satisfied with these accomplishments, Rooker has begun an intense conditioning program involving extra running and sit-ups. "There's no doubt that exercising has already made me a better pitcher," he says. "Now all I need to do is learn how to get my curve over." Another first-year player's clutch performance kept Oakland (4-2) within two games of the division-leading Twins. The A's brought in 20-year-old Vida Blue to face a pinch hitter with the bases loaded in the ninth inning, and Vida struck him out to preserve the victory. Chicago (2-3) and Seattle (0-7) battled to stay out of the cellar, neither with much success. The Pilots dropped from third place to fifth and extended their losing streak to 10 games as 32 pitchers allowed 50 runs. The last-place White Sox failed to take advantage of the Pilots' swoon, winning only twice, once when Gary Peters threw a seven-hitter and scored the winning run for himself. Peters could not—and would not—claim all the credit for that victory. Reliable Shortstop Luis Aparicio handled 10 assists flawlessly, and four of them required exceptional plays. "Luis played the best game I've ever had played behind me," said the Sox pitcher. Denny McLain (*page 58*) was not the only hot pitcher for the Eastern Division's second-place Tigers. Detroit's (4-2) Mickey Lolich continued to drive for his first 20-win season by recording his 16th victory. Defeating the Pilots, Lolich struck out 14 batters and insured his win by effectively using his quick pick-off move to first base. The lefty, who trapped two Cards off base in the seventh game of last year's World Series, turned the trick two times against the Pilots. A .555 week by Centerfielder Del Unser and two saves by Reliever Darold Knowles drove Washington (4-1) past slumping New York (1-5) and back into fourth place. The Yankees, whose hitters averaged .200, were shut out three times, and Mel Stottlemyre was bombed in both his starts. The righthander allowed 10 runs in the 7⅔ innings he pitched. *The stingiest Yank pitcher recently has been* Al Downing who threw two four-hitters last week, but lost one of them 1-0. Downing has not allowed more than two runs in any of his last five starts. Ray Culp, a National League castoff two seasons ago, won his 17th game for Boston (3-3), and Shortstop Rico Petrocelli hit his 29th and 30th homers of the year. His best previous-season total was 18. Tony Horton's hitting, .407 with three home runs and six RBIs, and Sam McDowell's one-hit, 10-strikeout shutout helped Cleveland (4-2) to a winning week. In recent years pro football has tried to discount baseball's prestige, but Rams' Coach George Allen is so impressed by Baltimore's (3-5) .685 won-lost percentage that he is using the Orioles as an example for his players. "I talked about them in my squad meeting," said Allen. "The Tigers have a heck of a team, but the Orioles never gave them a chance to make it a race. They got in shape early, got the winning attitude and that was it. That's exactly what I would like to see my team do." The Orioles are now so far in front that Manager Earl Weaver is resting his regulars occasionally. That brings little joy to the opposition, however, because Weaver has been replacing Frank Robinson, for example, with 5′ 8″, 170-pound Curt Motton. Playing in three games last week, Motton hit .471 with three home runs and five RBIs. One of the homers was a pinch-hit, 10th-inning shot that brought Jim Palmer his fourth straight victory since coming off the disabled list.

Standings—East: Balt 87-40, Det 71-53, Bos 66-59, Wash 65-62, NY 62-64, Clev 54-74. West: Minn 75-50, Oak 72-51, Cal 51-71, KC 51-73, Sea 48-76, Chi 48-77.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# 19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

**TIME TO REMEMBER**

Sirs

Congratulations on your 15th anniversary. I missed only a few issues in that time (because of Vietnam), and I can truthfully say the Aug. 18 issue is one of your best.

Although it took you 15 years, the story on Hank Aaron was richly rewarding to us (his fans). Hank was a rookie in 1954 and, true to form, Wally Moon was voted Rookie of the Year. Wally who? But Hank Aaron has survived and survived and survives.

Stay as you are, SI. May you never die!

STANLEY R. PETERSON

Soldiers Grove, Wis.

Sirs

Was it coincidence that Henry Aaron of the Braves appeared on the cover of your anniversary issue? Those who saw your first issue back in 1954 will recall the cover photograph of County Stadium, the Braves' home in Milwaukee. It just brings to mind the dramatic changes that have taken place in baseball during the last 15 years. If change continues at the same pace, perhaps your 25th anniversary cover will again picture Henry Aaron—this time as the Braves' new manager, looking over his new ball park in Red Springs, N.C. (*A Bonanza in Red Springs*, July 28.)

JIM ROEMER

Denver

Sirs:

As a fan and close follower of Hank Aaron ever since those early days in Milwaukee, I would like to express my pleasure at William Leggett's article, *Hank Becomes a Hit*. Back in the 1950s and early 1960s I was one of those kids Aaron talked about who read not only headlines, but also box scores. I have closely followed Aaron's march toward the top in hitting categories, and no one needs to tell me of his greatness. I'm glad that the rest of the fans are recognizing it now. I know I will be celebrating next spring when Hank becomes the first player in history to get 3,000 hits, of which 500 or more will be homers.

ALAN KARNATH

Minocqua, Wis.

Sirs

I have been an avid Brave fan since I was 6, and I have often wondered when Hammerin' Hank was going to get his long overdue recognition as being one of the greatest baseball players that ever lived.

Mr. Aaron has been playing baseball longer than I have been alive, and I hope he never stops. Thanks for a great story!

RICHARD P. TETU

Novato, Calif.

**LOOKING AHEAD**

Sirs

Concerning your article *Shy Owner of 1/640th of the U.S.* (Aug. 18), could it be there are two gigantic Weyerhaeuser companies? The one we here in Seattle are familiar with is one of the largest, most blatant polluters of both air and water in the Puget Sound area. Possibly it is hard to see the benevolent, conservation-minded company through the cloud of haze from its poorly controlled smokestacks.

ROGER MINGO

Seattle

Sirs

From one of those people who "will always want to get out in the woods," thanks for the article on George Weyerhaeuser. It is comforting to read of his contribution to conservation and recreation. I would rate him as being No. 1 on the Keep America Beautiful list.

TORSTEN K. SEEBOLD

Moline, Ill.

**BOW AND ARROW**

Sirs

*The Hardy Boy and His Bow and Arrow*, by Herman Weiskopf (Aug. 11), is one of the most refreshing sports stories that I have read in your fine magazine. I am not an archery fan, but with this fine introduction I, as well as many others, would be interested in a feature article on an archery tournament.

GERALD E. ROGERS

New York City

**DENTED ARMOR**

Sirs:

Your interesting item on Miss Elinor Kaine (SCORECARD, Aug. 11) mentions the precedent set in 1954 by Ann Morrissy, who became Cornell's first female sports editor. Well, here's another for you. In 1965-66 I was the first girl sports editor of the Queens College *Phoenix*. My major interest was baseball. The perhaps less-than-overwhelming popularity of female sportswriters brings to mind the time my own team tried to trade me to Southern Connecticut State College for four ballplayers. Alas, chivalry is gone. I suppose it wouldn't have been so bad, but the Queens College team is called the Knights.

ILENE HARAIS

New York City

**RECEIVING END**

Sirs

Congratulations on finally giving credit where credit is due to players other than the quarterbacks (*Alone for a Passing Moment*, Aug. 18). But what ever possessed you to leave out Receiver Don Maynard, New York Jets No. 13? If you'll check his record, you will find he's the best in the business.

JANE GREGG

Greensboro, N.C.

Sirs

How could you omit the dean of all pass receivers, Charley Taylor of the Washington Redskins? Perhaps a look at one of Charley's grabs in a crowd or his speed on the deep pass would convince the author that he has committed a grave injustice.

SAM RADCLIFFE

Arlington, Va.

Sirs

The two best pictures, I felt, depict the essential elements for an end: the fake of George Sauer and the strength of John Mackey. The fake can get a receiver into the open for the needed seconds to complete a pass. Strength allows the end to hang onto the ball while being clobbered. Speed is also important but, with the speed of defensive halfbacks, the fake is the best offensive tool to counter the hack's speed. The fake is a big step for freedom.

EDWARD SUTTER

Dallas, Ore.

Sirs

Kudos to you for your color photos of the pro football receivers doing their stuff. Walter Iooss' lens work is magnificent.

Kuffs, however, to your caption man, who has obviously missed the action in the top photo on pages 22-23. Willie Richardson has three Packers on his back all right, but he is lunging for the sidelines.

WILLIAM P. HINCKLEY

Mount Holly, N.J.

**HOLDING ACTION**

Sirs

Selfish, narrow-minded pro basketball (*i.e.*, NBA) fans like myself will take at least tentative solace in the low probability of an NBA-ABA merger in the near future (*Don't Beat Them—Absorb Them*, Aug. 18). Besides restricting players' salaries, such a merger would dilute the NBA talent pool with marginal players. The NBA has signed a great majority of the best young players (plus Connie Hawkins) and has progressed to a state where it is the best-balanced, highest-quality, most-competitive league in professional sport, and it promises to continue on this route. Redistribution of the wealth (talent) is a possible answer for social ills, but not for the NBA.

DONALD C. MAIN

Ithaca, N.Y.

**LITTLE IRVY**

Sirs:

I must congratulate you on your article, *Little Irvy* (Aug. 11). It was a great little human-interest story that sort of caught my attention more than some of your other articles. How many other guys would haul a 20-ton whale around in a 38-foot, $80,000 tractor-trailer? It was really a tremendous effort on the part of Frank Deford.

PETER DASHNAW

Hudson Falls, N.Y.

Sirs:

If through some miracle Little Irvy could be restored to life I would not be at all surprised to read of a 20-ton sperm whale, driving a 40-foot trailer truck, exhibiting an engaging former used-car salesman.

If this unlikely event should somehow come to pass, I hope Associate Editor Deford will cover the story. Congratulations on a fantastically amusing piece.

LARRY ROSENTHAL

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs:

Frank Deford's article about the travels of Little Irvy is a whale of a story, and Jerry Malone is without question a Prince of Whales!

JANEVIE ROSS

Lebanon, N.H.

**DEEP INTEREST**

Sirs:

I read with mixed emotions your article *Oddballs of the Deep Sea*, in the Aug. 4 issue. I think that Harvey Bullis deserves a great deal of credit for the work he is doing, but I must question his love of the sea. When he envisions fish being sucked up through pipes into waiting barges and electrical devices being used to harvest fish he sounds like a man bent on extermination.

In the three-page article no mention is made of conservation or better ways for fish reproduction, only methods of catching them. In this age of litter and pollution the sea is one of our last natural resources.

If it is possible for Mr. Bullis to walk on the floor of the Gulf of Mexico, it just might be possible that someday nothing will be there. So if Mr. Bullis has no respect for age or gray hairs he should at least have respect for the sea and its inhabitants.

STEVEN M. BATCHER

Cherry Hill, N.J.

**REFLECTIONS**

Sirs:

Kudos to Richard Meek on his photographic essay, *Riding to Nostalgia* (Aug. 4). While man rockets to the moon at incredible speeds, how fitting to pay homage to our more leisurely and elegant past. Especially haunting and lovely was Mr. Meek's last photograph—so evocative of the grandeur of carriage-age Newport.

ELAINE B. ALBERT

New York City

**ROOKIES**

Sirs:

For some unaccountable reason Pat Putnam *forgot to mention* the *name* Bob Babich (*The Rookies Give It a Shot*, Aug. 11). Not only was Babich a defensive co-captain for the College All-Stars, but he accounted for, and assisted in, a great majority of the defensive plays throughout the entire game.

It seems that sportswriters are prejudiced and are almost always awed by flashy quarterbacks and halfbacks. They seem to forget that there are 11 hard-nosed football players on the other side of the line making the big plays, stopping the razzle-dazzle of

*continued*

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the opposing offensive team, nine out of 11 plays. In this regard I thought the most thrilling part of the entire game was when the rookies stopped the Jets four times within the three-yard line. Four plays like that more than make up for a 78-yard run or three touchdown passes.

Babich played the entire game, whereas Greg Cook, the recipient of the game's most valuable player award, played a little more than half. Cook is a fine player, but in the All-Star Game the nod should have gone to the defense, mainly Bob Babich.

GEORGE D. STEVISS
Oxford, Ohio

Sirs:

Interesting story about Joe Namath and the All-Star Game. You mentioned that Rudy Redmond actually made the "winning touchdown" for the All-Stars (not admitted by the referees until *after* the game). It's bad enough that they didn't count his valid touchdown, but you add to my frustration by not mentioning Rudy's college, which is the University of the Pacific in Stockton, Calif.

Of course, as the coach's wife, I should be seen and not heard, but I would like to see the University of the Pacific mentioned.

ENID SCOVIL
Stockton, Calif.

**EDDIE ROMMEL**

Sirs:

I believe Roy Blount does an injustice to a great pitcher with a mediocre team in his article on Phil Niekro (*Atlanta Tranquility Base Here*, Aug. 4). I have little patience with nit-picking, but in this case I am speaking up for a grand guy, a fine pitcher and a player who never received the credit that he deserved.

It was Eddie Rommel's fate to pitch for the old Philadelphia Athletics during one of their worst periods. Eddie was a knuckleballer, but he used it mainly as his "out" pitch. He had a good fastball and what is known today as a slider. In 1922, he won 27 games, lost 13 and the A's finished seventh. Cy Perkins caught him and did a fine job, although he was the first to admit that he was never sure where the knuckler was going.

In his well-written piece on Niekro, Blount makes the observation that Niekro "should be the first knuckleballer ever to win 20 games in a season."

Not so, Roy, in my opinion. Eddie Rommel has already done better than that.

WALTER R. GODARD
Colonel, USAF (ret.)
Elizabethtown, Pa.

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